

POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

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FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

CASH

POISON

ONE · PENNY



THE LADY WAS DEAD—SHOT THROUGH THE BRAIN.



The Cold-blooded Crimes of HENRI DE TOURVILLE

"Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?"

SHAKESPEARE, "Cymbeline," Act V., Sc. 5.

A Frenchman by Birth, but a Naturalized Englishman and a Barrister of the Middle Temple, he committed four murders, but only one—that of his second wife—was brought home to him.

PART I.

I HAVE known several murderers in my time, and have found all of them more or less agreeable and gentlemanly persons. Indeed, there was not one of them of whom I should not have been inclined to say that he was the last human being whom I should have suspected of murderous instincts.

But, of all the murderers whose acquaintance I have made, the most charming and fascinating was Henri Dieudonné Pineau de Tourville.

It was in the summer of 1874 that I was first introduced to De Tourville. One of my most intimate friends at that time was a barrister of the Middle Temple. We were not members of the same Inn, for the Inner Temple is the inn to which I have the honour of belonging; but we had been students together, had been called to the Bar on the same memorable night, and had kept up a close friendship afterwards. I had been dining in Hall, and was coming along Crown Office Row, where I met my friend, with two other barristers, one of whom was De Tourville. I was introduced to the latter, and all four of us adjourned to the smoking-room of the Rainbow Tavern in Fleet Street. I took a great liking to the vivacious Frenchman. He was a very good-looking fellow, well set up, with bright, dark eyes, expressive features, an exceedingly pleasant smile, and most delightful manner—one of those men you can't help liking; you hardly know why, for you never analyse the nature of your feelings towards them, but are just content to take them as they are, asking yourself no questions and not troubling yourself to criticise.

After that night I saw a good deal of De Tourville. He was a little too lavish, I thought, in his expenditure, rather overfond of scattering his money about in a fashion too ostentatious to be quite good form—champagne breakfasts, big dinners, four-horse drags to Epsom and Sandown Park, picnics on the river, sumptuous repasts at the Star and Garter, Richmond—all this had a swagger air which one would have pronounced vulgar in anyone else. But, somehow, De Tourville carried it off well, and one never noticed any taint of vulgarity about his hospitality. He evidently had heaps of money, and he delighted to spend it in entertaining his friends.

At this time he was a widower, but in the November of 1875 he married a second time. Previously to his marriage he gave a big dinner at the Holborn to his friends as a farewell to single blessedness. I was present at the banquet, and remember well what a splendid host De Tourville made. I only saw him two or three times after his marriage. On one of these occasions I was introduced to his wife, a pleasant and comely lady, not striking in

any way, but, as I understood, possessed of a large fortune. I thought De Tourville a lucky fellow to have secured a wife who was both nice and rich; and then he faded out of my life. I had almost forgotten him, when one memorable morning my friend to whom I have referred burst into my chambers in a state of great excitement.

"I say," he exclaimed, "have you seen this about De Tourville?"

"No," I replied. "What is it?"

"Why, he is accused of murdering his wife in the Tyrol!"

"Nonsense!" I said.

"It's true; and the case looks very ugly against him."

The announcement was startling and incredible. I could not picture De Tourville to myself as a murderer. But he was, and a far worse murderer than this single crime would indicate. But as my personal knowledge of De Tourville ceased at this point and has no further bearing upon the story of his crimes, I shall proceed now to tell the extraordinary and romantic tale of the man's life from the beginning.

Henri Dieudonné Pineau de Tourville had really no right whatever to that string of aristocratic names. He was of plebeian origin, and was, I believe, known as Henri Pineau when his history began first to be interesting. In the year 1871 he was waiter at a restaurant in Paris, where his agreeable manners and pleasant address made him popular among the regular customers. Among those who dined frequently—indeed, regularly—at the restaurant was a rich English gentleman, named Cotton, who spent his time mostly in travelling, and who was then making a halt for two or three weeks in Paris. Mr. Cotton was attracted by the waiter's lively talk and evident knowledge of the world, and bethought him what an admirable travelling valet this smart, intelligent, pleasant-mannered, and altogether presentable person would make. So one evening he proposed to Henri Pineau that he should leave his employment in the restaurant, and enter his (Mr. Cotton's) service as salaried travelling companion. The terms offered were liberal, the position was honourable, for Mr. Cotton made it distinctly understood that he should consider Pineau in the light of a travelling companion rather than servant. So, without hesitation, Henri Pineau closed with the offer and became half-courier, half-companion to the rich Englishman.

The fascinating Frenchman speedily wormed his way into his patron's favour, till Mr. Cotton treated him as a friend and an equal. They travelled together over Europe, and in the year 1872 visited Constantinople. There all trace of Mr. Cotton ends. He was never seen alive by anyone who knew him after he passed the Golden Horn. His whole life had been so eccentric and he had for so long been in the habit of disappearing for months

without letting anyone know of his whereabouts that he was not missed. Indeed, he had no near relatives to trouble themselves about him. So he just vanished and



"Have you seen this about De Tourville?"

left no trace. But there can be no doubt, from what the Austrian police subsequently discovered, that he had been made away with by his travelling companion. How, when, and where the murder was committed was never, I believe, satisfactorily settled. That Henri Pineau not only murdered his master, but robbed him, is pretty certain, for there is no other way of accounting for his possession of the large sums of money which he was known to have subsequently spent.

Henri Pineau, Mr. Cotton's travelling companion, figures no more in history. When next he claims attention it is as Monsieur le Comte de Tourville, a French nobleman, rich, handsome, dashing, the observed of all observers at the great fashionable northern watering-place, Scarborough. But though, apparently, the young count was possessed of ample means, he was really pretty nearly at the end of his tether, and he had come to Scarborough in the hope that he might pick up at that swagger resort a rich English wife.

He was not long in finding what he wanted. Among the residents at Scarborough that season was a Mrs. Ramsden, the widow of a wealthy solicitor of Sunderland, and her only daughter, an interesting girl, of romantic disposition and delicate health. De Tourville discovered that the mother possessed a fortune of £30,000, which, on her decease, would go to her daughter absolutely. To a man of his perfect assurance and ingratiating manners it was an easy task to make the acquaintance of the widow and her daughter. He charmed both of them, and when after about a month's intimacy he proposed to the girl he was accepted without a moment's hesitation. Mrs. Ramsden, being a vain woman with that true British snobbery which worships a title, was delighted to have such a son-in-law, and proud to think that her daughter had cut out all rivals and won the lion of that season at Scarborough.

When I knew De Tourville he had dropped the title of count. He told us that he had a perfect right to assume

it, but, finding that a French count was not of "much account" in England, he preferred to sink the title on becoming a naturalised British subject. But at Scarborough, in 1872, he was the Count de Tourville, and his wife—for he married Miss Ramsden after an engagement of less than two months—was addressed as the countess.

By the time the nuptial knot was tied De Tourville was at the end of his resources, and, in order to meet the expenses of his honeymoon trip, he had to borrow a considerable sum from his mother-in-law. One would have thought that such an appeal would have aroused her suspicions. But De Tourville was such a clever and plausible rascal that he easily convinced Mrs. Ramsden that his impecuniosity was only temporary, consequent upon the non-arrival of remittances from his bankers in Paris. He showed her papers and letters (all, no doubt, forged) in proof of his statements, and she, without any suspicion or hesitation, advanced him the money he asked for. With the sum thus obtained, De Tourville started on his honeymoon. It was necessary, of course, to keep up appearances and maintain his character as a wealthy French nobleman; consequently, the expenses of the honeymoon swallowed up all the money advanced by Mrs. Ramsden. When he returned to England De Tourville was practically penniless, and he had to face the prospect of a very unpleasant interview with his mother-in-law. How was he to explain his inability to repay her without arousing her suspicions?

Mrs. Ramsden was in apartments at Scarborough, and De Tourville and his wife were staying at an hotel not far distant. One morning Mrs. Ramsden received a visit from her son-in-law, presumably for the discussion of the pecuniary relations between them. De Tourville brought with him a brace of pistols, with which, so he explained subsequently, he was going to practise at a shooting-gallery that he was in the habit of visiting. Whilst he was



The terms offered were liberal.

closeted alone with his mother-in-law, a shot was heard, and an instant later De Tourville dashed out of the room, shouting, "Help! help! Mrs. Ramsden has killed herself!" Whilst the landlady and the servants were attending to the wounded lady, De Tourville rushed off for a doctor.



HE CHARMED BOTH OF THEM.

He returned with a young surgeon, who had only recently come to Scarborough, and was, in fact, staying at the same hotel as De Tourville himself. The surgeon at once pronounced the lady to be dead—shot through the brain. De Tourville, who appeared to be almost beside himself with grief and horror, explained that Mrs. Ramsden, who was curious about firearms, had taken up one of the pistols and was looking down the barrel when the charge exploded, and the ball passed through her head.

As it was inconceivable that De Tourville, who was regarded as a man of rank and wealth, could possibly have any motive in causing the death of his mother-in-law, his explanation of the tragedy, strange and improbable though it was, passed muster with the coroner's jury. The evidence given at the inquest by the young surgeon and De Tourville himself was considered satisfactory proof that the lady had met her death by accident, and a verdict to that effect was returned. The funeral took place the day after the inquest, and so the matter ended.

But though no one was then aware of De Tourville's real character, and nothing was known of his antecedents, there were some persons in Scarborough who considered his version of the accident by which Mrs. Ramsden lost her life so improbable and unsatisfactory that an application was made to Scotland Yard to send down a detective to investigate the case. The officer despatched was one of the cleverest in the force, whose name subsequently became notorious in connection with the Great Turf Frauds by which Madame de Goncourt was swindled out of £13,000. Three noted police inspectors in the Criminal Investigation Department were subsequently tried and convicted on the charge of conspiring to defeat the ends of justice in that celebrated case, and one of them was the officer sent down to Scarborough to inquire into the circumstances attending the death of Mrs. Ramsden. His report entirely exonerated De Tourville from all suspicion of foul play. But, knowing what we now know of the detective's character, there can be little doubt that he was heavily bribed to keep dark any facts which may have come to his knowledge calculated to incriminate De Tourville. Probably the young surgeon was also liberally rewarded for his evidence; otherwise, it is difficult to account

for the deductions which he drew from an examination of the body. For when the corpse was subsequently exhumed and examined by the well-known Mr. Thomas Bond,



"Help! help! Mrs. Ramsden has killed herself!"

the greatest expert of his day in post-mortem investigation, it was found that the bullet which was the cause of death had entered at the back of the skull, a fact which gave the lie direct to De Tourville's statement that his mother-in-

law had shot herself accidentally whilst looking down the barrel of the pistol. Indeed, there could be no doubt that she had been shot from behind. Either the surgeon who examined the body had done his work in a most perfunctory fashion or else he must have been wholly ignorant of the nature of bullet-wounds. The only other explanation is that he was paid to give evidence in accordance with the murderer's story.

The exhumation and re-examination of the body did not take place, however, till the notoriety of De Tourville's final crime brought back the remembrance of Mrs. Ramsden's mysterious death, and awakened suspicions which lapse of time had lulled to sleep.

The death of his mother-in-law relieved De Tourville from his indebtedness to her, but it did not put him in possession of the fortune which he expected. In the first place, Mrs. Ramsden did not leave nearly as much money as he had anticipated. In the second place, most of what she did leave was strictly settled upon her daughter and

There was one old friend of Madame De Tourville's family, and only one, who had access to the house, and he began to suspect that De Tourville was slowly but surely killing his wife. He discovered that her husband had subjected her to persistent ill-treatment since the birth of the child. He was not physically violent, but his cruelty was of that subtle kind which breaks a woman's heart and robs her of all interest in life. This old family friend also discovered that De Tourville allowed no one but himself to attend upon his wife. She took her medicine and her meals solely from his hands, and as she began to grow weaker and weaker, her strength daily ebbing from her, and her poor, pinched face and attenuated frame showing plainly that she was fast fading away, the family friend became convinced that the poor lady was the victim of foul play, and was being slowly and systematically poisoned by her husband. He was unable, however, to find any tangible proof that his suspicions were well-founded. De Tourville was far too artful and cunning



THERE WAS NO FOOTING ON THE FLAMING BOARDS.

one offspring of the marriage. There was, however, some property which was absolutely at his wife's disposal, and this he persuaded her to bequeath to him by will.

The shock of her mother's death appeared to affect Madame De Tourville greatly. Her husband declared that she never really recovered from it, and alleged this as the cause of the ill-health from which she constantly suffered. After the birth of her child Madame De Tourville lost her hold on life. Before her marriage she had been a bright, attractive woman, of a somewhat romantic disposition, but gay and lively; now she grew listless and inert. Her pale, sad face was distressing to see, and her once plump and comely figure wasted to a shadow. She was constantly ailing, and her depression of spirits was most marked. But she had no kith and kin near to note her declining health, and casual acquaintances accepted De Tourville's assurance that she had always been delicate, and that he meant to take her soon to the South of France, where she would doubtless recover her strength. Time, however, went on, and the visit to the South of France was constantly postponed.

ning to give himself away by any slip, and when at last Madame passed away in her sleep, no one but her husband was with her. The friend of the family was certain that the lady had been made away with by foul play. But he had not an atom of proof to back up his suspicions. There was a properly-attested medical certificate of the cause of death, and, without further inquiry, the body of the dead woman was committed to the grave. That she was murdered there can be little doubt, but how De Tourville accomplished his fell purpose was known only to himself, and the secret died with him, undivulged.

By the death of his wife, De Tourville came into possession of a considerable sum of money, but the bulk of his wife's property was secured to her son by the marriage. In the event of the child's death a life interest in the whole of his wife's property vested in him. To gain possession of this property was now De Tourville's object, and to effect that object he deliberately planned the most diabolical of all his crimes.

Amongst Madame De Tourville's possessions was a large freehold house, which, with all its furniture and ap-

purtenances, was settled on her son. This house and its contents De Tourville insured for a very large sum. This done, he took up his residence there, with his two-year-old infant. The child, with its nurse, slept at the top of the house. One night, when they were fast asleep, De Tourville stealthily set fire to the house; the staircases were all in flames, and escape from the upper rooms was apparently quite cut off, when he dashed out through the front door in his shirt and trousers, yelling "Fire! fire! fire!" at the top of his voice. The alarm soon spread; the neighbours came pouring out; De Tourville kept shrieking, "My child—my poor child! Who will help me save him?" Then he dashed into the house, followed by three or four of the braver members of the crowd. But the staircases were all ablaze—there was no footing on the flaming boards; the fire had burned through the supports; dense volumes of choking smoke forced the would-be rescuers back, and drove them, half-suffocated, into the street. The horrified and helpless spectators saw the nurse at one of the topmost windows, with the child in her arms, gesticulating frantically; the sash was thrown up, and the agonised screams of the hapless servant rang out above the roar of the flames, sending a thrill of horror through the onlookers, who, maddened by their own helplessness, shrieked and yelled in impotent frenzy. At last, just when all hope of saving the lives of the woman and child seemed gone, the firemen came charging up. An escape was quickly run up, and amid the breathless suspense of the gazers, the seemingly doomed victims of the fire were brought safely down, amid the frantic sobs and cheers of the crowd, wrought up to a pitch of intense emotion by the thrilling spectacle they had witnessed.

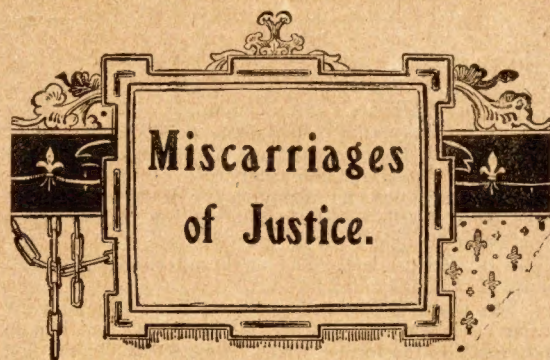
And where was De Tourville all this while? He had been dancing about madly in the street, invoking heaven to save his beloved infant, the very picture of a devoted, distracted father! And when the child was brought down from what had seemed destined to be his funeral pyre he embraced him and wept over him, till every woman there cried in sympathy, and not a few strong men found their eyes moist with tears!

Was there ever a more consummate actor or a more infernal hypocrite? He had with his own hands lit the fire, which he fiendishly intended to destroy his tender, helpless babe, and they were not tears of joy over the child's rescue, but crocodile's tears of disappointment, that he shed over the failure of his inhuman plot. If the mob had only guessed that he was the frustrated murderer of his own little son, they would have torn him in pieces in their fury.

But, notwithstanding the clever acting of De Tourville and his well-feigned consternation and grief over the burning of his house and the narrow escape of his child, he did not succeed in convincing the insurance office that the fire was an accident. Strict inquiry was made into the circumstances surrounding the case, and the result was that the office refused to pay the policy. What were the suspicious facts which prompted this action I do not know, for they were never divulged; but whilst there was not sufficient evidence to justify De Tourville's arrest on a charge of arson, there was enough to warrant the refusal to pay the insurance money. At any rate, the office determined to resist the claim if De Tourville persisted in making it. But that wily scoundrel felt that to bring the case into court would involve risks which he did not care to face. He had too good reason to dread having his past life subjected to the penetrating search-light of cross-examination, so let his claim slide.

But, having failed in this murderous attempt to procure money, it became necessary for him to replenish his almost exhausted exchequer by some other means. How he succeeded in gaining another rich wife, and the sensational method by which he removed her from his path, remains yet to be told.

—X TO BE CONCLUDED. X—



PART I.

"Justice is blind; but fortunately for the sake of the welfare of society, she can often see through the bandage!"

—VOLTAIRE.



It is not easy to imagine anything more terrible in the history of human error than the execution of an innocent man. Better, it has been truly said, that any number of guilty beings go free than that one innocent man should suffer death without justification. The remorse and dread of the murderer, his fearful forebodings of what the future may bring forth, are not difficult to realise or to understand. But how awful must be the sentiments of the unfortunate man who knows that he has been wrongly convicted, and that he must suffer a shameful death for the crime of another individual? In such straits he must feel that even God has forsaken him, and that there is no justice here or hereafter. Fortunately, such cases where circumstantial evidence has erred are rare in this country, and I do not propose to embark upon a discussion of the unfortunate incidents connected with Jonathan Bradford or the Habrons, which are too well known to be repeated here. I intend, rather, to allude to some obscure but absolutely authentic instances of persons being convicted of crimes in which they had neither part nor lot.

Mrs. Child, in her interesting work, "Letters from New York" (1843) accompanies her reflections on the barbarity of capital punishment with a notice of two cases in which circumstantial evidence led to the execution of the wrong parties. A few years previous to the publication of this book a poor German came to New York and took lodgings, when he was allowed to do his cooking in the same room with the family. The husband and wife were perpetually quarrelling. One day the German came into the kitchen with a clasp-knife and a pan of potatoes, and began to pare them for his dinner. The quarrelsome couple were in a more violent altercation than usual, but he sat with his back towards them, and, being ignorant of the English language, felt in no danger of becoming involved in their disputes. But the woman, with a sudden and unexpected movement, snatched the knife from his hand and plunged it in her husband's heart. She had sufficient presence of mind to rush into the street and scream murder. The poor foreigner, in the meanwhile, seeing the man reel, sprang forward to catch him in his arms, and drew out the knife. People from the street crowded in and found him with the dying man in his arms, the knife in his hand, and blood upon his clothes. The wicked woman swore, in the most positive terms, that he had been fighting with her husband, and had stabbed him with a knife he always carried. The unfortunate German knew too little of the language to comprehend the accusation or to tell his own story. He was dragged off to prison, and the true state of the case was made known through an interpreter, but it was not believed. He was executed, notwithstanding the most persevering efforts of his lawyer, John Anthon, whose convictions of the man's innocence were so painfully strong that from that day he refused to have any connection with a capital offence. Some years after the execution the woman died and confessed to having been the

real culprit, although she had sworn in court that she had seen the German commit the crime.

The tragical fate of Burton in Missouri, British India, has never been forgotten, and has formed the subject of a very fine novel. A young lady was beloved by a gentleman, named Burton, but, unfortunately, her affections were fixed on another less worthy. The latter first ruined and then deserted her. She was by nature energetic and high-spirited; her family were proud, and she lived in the midst of a society which considered revenge a virtue and called it honour! Misled by this false sentiment and her own outraged feelings, she resolved to murder her treacherous lover. But she kept her secret so well that no one suspected her purpose, though she purchased pistols and practised with them daily. She watched for a favourable opportunity, and shot her betrayer when no one was near to witness the revengeful deed. It was obvious enough that suspicion would rest upon Burton, the disappointed suitor of the girl, and he was arrested. Circumstantial evidence was fearfully against him, and he soon saw that his chance of acquittal was small; but, though the culprit had confessed her guilt to him, he never thought of proclaiming the truth to the world. He was tried and condemned. A short time before his execution he endeavoured to cut his throat, but in this he failed, and was hanged according to the sentence. The murderer, frantic with grief and remorse, then confessed, but popular sentiment was on her side, and, in consideration of one life already having been sacrificed, she was permitted to go free.

The case of William Shaw is fairly familiar to most of us, but is likely to prove of interest to those who have not studied this fascinating branch of criminal literature, and the details are extremely remarkable. In the year 1721 this man, who was an upholsterer by trade, resided at Edinburgh, with his young daughter, Catharine, who encouraged the attentions of a jeweller named John Lawson. The friendship between the two young people was strongly objected to by Shaw, who appears to have been aware of certain circumstances prejudicial to Lawson's character, and endeavoured to bring about a marriage between the girl and one Alexander Robertson. One evening father and child had a quarrel on the subject, and the latter peremptorily refused to entertain the notion of becoming Mrs. Robertson, and the most passionate expressions arose on both sides, the girl being frequently overheard by the neighbours to use the words "barbarity," "cruelty," and "death." At length, Shaw left her, locking the door behind him. A man named Morrison, living in the same house, overheard groans issuing from Catharine's room shortly after her father's departure, and he also distinctly heard her say, in the faintest tones, "Cruel father, thou art the cause of my death!"

Alarmed at what he had heard, Morrison flew to the door of Shaw's apartment, and they knocked—for others had joined him—but no answer was given. Suspicion had before arisen against the father, and this ominous silence after the agonising groans seemed to confirm them. A constable was procured, and an entrance forced. Catherine Shaw was found weltering in her blood, and with the fatal knife by her side. She was alive, but speechless, and on questioning her as to owing her death to her father, she was able to make a motion with her head, apparently in the affirmative, and then expired. At this critical moment William Shaw returned, and at the sight of his daughter he turned pale, trembled, and appeared ready to sink. The first surprise and the succeeding horror he evinced appeared to the beholders as positive proofs of guilt, and he was at once seized and subjected to a rigorous search. His shirt was discovered to be blood-stained. He was hurried before a magistrate, and upon the depositions of all the parties, was committed for trial. In his defence, he admitted that he had put some restraint upon his daughter to prevent her marriage with Lawson, and that he had quarrelled with her on the subject the very evening of the fatal occurrence, but he averred that he left her unharmed and untouched, and that the blood found upon his shirt had been caused by a slight accident he had met with two or three days before. The jury, however, relied upon the strong circumstantial evidence against the prisoner, and especially on the evidence of Morrison, who had overheard the deceased accuse her father of the deed, and he was found guilty, and executed at Leith Walk in November, 1721. His last words on the gallows were, "I am innocent of my daughter's murder."

In August, 1722, as a man who had taken possession of the Shaws' apartments was rummaging by chance in the room in which the girl had died, he accidentally caught sight of a paper which had fallen into a cavity on one side of the

chimney. It was folded as a letter, and contained the following words:

"Barbarous father, Your cruelty in having put it out of my power ever to join my fate to that of the only man I could love, and tyrannically insisting upon my marrying one whom I always hated, has made me form a resolution to put an end to an existence which has become a burden to me. I doubt not I shall find mercy in another world, for sure no benevolent being can require that I should any longer live in torment to myself in this. My death I lay to your charge. When you read this, consider yourself as the inhuman wretch that plunged the murderous knife into the bosom of the unfortunate Catharine Shaw."

This letter was proved to be in her writing by many of the girl's relations and friends, and the magistracy of Edinburgh then ordered the body of the victim of this terrible judicial error to be removed from the gibbet on which it was still exposed and given over to his family for interment.

At one time cases of injustice were also committed by condemning individuals for murder when no actual proof existed that any murder had been perpetrated at all. The now well-recognised principle in criminal law that no murder can be considered as having been accomplished until the body of the victim has been discovered, has terminated for very many years now this form of legal oppression.

Another, and perhaps one of the most common causes of injustice in cases of this nature was the prevarication of the party charged with the offence. Finding himself, though innocent, placed in an awkward predicament, he would, perhaps, invent a plausible story in his own defence, and the deceit being discovered, he would not unnaturally be presumed to be guilty. Sir Edward Coke mentioned a curious case of this nature. A gentleman was charged with having murdered his niece. He was quite innocent of the crime, but having, out of fear and trepidation, put forward another child as the one said to have been killed, the imposture was discovered, and the poor gentleman was executed—a victim to his own deceit.

— TO BE CONCLUDED. —



Choate's Dramatic Defence.

RUFUS CHOATE, the eminent American criminal advocate, once defended a bank cashier for embezzlement, and argued with great force that his client had been compelled to do what he did by the orders of the directors, and they alone were responsible and ought to be punished. He went on vilifying those gentlemen, when one of them, who happened to be in the court, rose in great anger to deny all the charges. Choate, without stopping, blandly said, "I beg the director to be seated, as he wishes to be treated with moderation in a court of justice." Then, breaking out into a great scream, which he alone could make with dramatic effect, "I tell you, gentlemen of the jury, my client was as helpless in the hands of these directors as an infant surrounded by ten thousand Bengal tigers!" Everyone in court was appalled at the vehemence of the orator, and not a soul dared to smile at the exaggeration.

Unseen Charms.

JACK LEE, the great special pleader of the Northern Circuit, during a consultation just before an action for breach of promise of marriage, asked if the lady for whose injury he was to seek compensation was good-looking. "Very handsome indeed, sir," was the reply of her solicitor. "Then, sir, I beg you will request her to be in court and in a place where she can be seen," replied Lee. The attorney agreed, and the lady, in accordance with the wishes of her counsel, took her seat in a prominent place, where the jury could see her. Lee, in addressing the jury, did not fail to insist, with great warmth, on the "abominable cruelty" which had been exercised towards "the highly attractive and modest girl who trusted her cause to their discernment," and did not sit down until he had succeeded in working upon their feelings with great and, as he thought, successful effect. The counsel on the other side, however, speedily broke the spell with which Lee had enchanted the jury by observing that "his learned friend, in describing the graces and beauties of the plaintiff, ought in common fairness not to have concealed from the jury the fact that the lady had a wooden leg." The court was convulsed with laughter at this discovery, while Lee, who was ignorant of this circumstance, looked aghast; and the jury, ashamed of the influence that mere eloquence had had upon them, returned a verdict for the defendant.

THE WARMINSTER OUTRAGE.

The Dastardly Attack on Miss Haines
and her Niece at dead of night.

"Small habits, well pursued, betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes."

—HANNAH MORE, "Alicia."



BRUTAL as we now consider the punishments meted out to offenders by our forefathers, there are certain cases when the student of crime cannot but have a lingering feeling that it is a pity that the law does not give us power to enhance the penalty awarded to the miscreant who has outraged it. The distinction in the criminal's mind between actual murder and attempted murder

is too subtle for the average man to understand. In all cases where the victim has been done to death to prevent the immediate capture of the scoundrel who has been detected in the commission of a minor felony, such as burglary or robbery or criminal assault, there can be little doubt that the murderer's primary idea was to so injure the dangerous party that he, or she, would not be able to give immediate information which might lead to his arrest. Certainly no criminal but a criminal fool would wish to incur the greater penalty of death, when his purpose could be served by disabling instead of killing. This leads us to believe that there is a good deal of truth in the defences set up in these cases, namely, that the convict did not intend to kill his victim, but only to injure him sufficiently to enable the marauder to effect his escape. Acting on this supposition, our law is merciful, and does not insist on the capital penalty being inflicted when death has not resulted from the murderous attack. It would be more in accordance with the spirit of sound philosophy, however, if death were the punishment for attempted murder, when the design to take life is obvious, even though the attempt fall far short of actual slaying, for every code of ethics teaches us that the sin of the man who attempts to commit a crime, and fails through unforeseen circumstances, is quite as great as that of the successful criminal. In other words, it is the actual attempt, or the intention to commit a sin, that constitutes the sin. This being so, it would be good for us if we were to retain that portion of the criminal code of our ancestors which apportioned the same punishment to attempted murder as to actual slaying. Indeed, it is to be regretted that the law under which Martin Doyle, who was hanged at Chester, in 1861, for attempted murder, was the last person to suffer, was ever repealed.

The case which we are about to record is one of those where the intention to murder was plain, and which would have been far better requited with a noose and six feet of rope than by the costly and humane sentence of imprisonment.

In the year 1898 there was dwelling in the little town of Warminster, in the county of Wiltshire, a dressmaker named Sarah Ann Haines. She was a spinster, and, as she had long passed the age of fifty, she might well be styled an old maid. She was one of those old maids who go about doing good, and for whose existence a large circle of friends and humble acquaintances daily thank their Creator. Though far from wealthy—dressmakers in country towns do not make fortunes—she always managed to have a trifle to spare for the needy, and many were the hidden acts of kindness which were recalled of her in the days when she lay hover-

ing on the confines of the grave. Harmless, inoffensive, with a good word for everybody and a cheery smile for all, Miss Haines was the last person one would have thought anybody capable of injuring.

She lived in Portway, a district of Warminster, and had for a companion her niece, Helen Hilda, then aged about sixteen, a pretty and charming young girl. To supplement the little income derived from dressmaking Miss Haines used to let one or two of her rooms to suitable tenants, but, having the care of her niece, she was very particular about the character of those whom she took in as lodgers.

On the 18th of November, 1898, Miss Haines had no one occupying her rooms, and, therefore, she was rather pleased when a tall, slightly-built young man, with a fair complexion and a crop of light hair, came and inquired if she could take in a lodger. He was very fair-spoken, and the landlady thought that he must belong to respectable folk. However, she asked him what his business was, who he was, and where he had come from.

"My name is Alexander Taylor," answered the youth, for he looked but little more, though he was nearly twenty-three years of age. "I come from the North of England, where my father is a large draper. I have just obtained a situation as assistant to the largest firm of drapers in the town here. I was brought up in my father's shop, and thoroughly understand the trade."

Miss Haines thought that that sounded satisfactory, for a man would hardly give the name of one of the principal tradesmen in the small town as that of his employer if he was not telling the truth. Still she hesitated for a moment. Taylor noticed this, and added, "If you want to know anything more about my character, I may add that for the last three years I have been a local preacher attached to our chapel in Birmingham, and intend to try and take up religious work here."

Surely such a holy youth could not tell a lie, thought Miss Haines, who was rather inclined to invest all mankind with the good qualities which she herself possessed, and forthwith she said that she would be glad to have him for a tenant.

"I fear that my baggage will not arrive this evening, unless it comes by the last train, but it will certainly be here to-morrow morning. I will then pay you for a month in advance, and we can arrange about food and so forth," remarked Alexander Taylor, intimating at the same time that he had left his own Bible in his portmanteau, which had miscarried on the railway, and would be glad if the spinster could lend him one for the evening. Then he said that he would go down to the station and make further inquiries about his lost luggage, in case it had turned up.

It was then rather late, and Miss Haines thought that it would not be worth her while to attempt to find the head of the firm where young Taylor was employed that night, for the shops were all shut, and she was rather diffident of calling at the wealthy draper's private house.

Presently Taylor returned, saying that his portmanteau had not arrived, but would reach Warminster by the first train from Bath next morning, adding, with a laugh, that it was not the first time he had had to sleep without proper night-clothes.

After having his supper he said that he would retire, for he did not believe in late hours. With that he was shown to his bedroom. Half an hour later Miss Haines and her niece, who occupied the same room as she did, went to bed, the elder rejoicing that she had found such a steady young man to fill her vacant rooms for the winter, for it is very difficult to let lodgings in Warminster, save in the summer months. Soon the two ladies fell asleep, and the house was wrapped in quiet.

Early next morning the police were summoned by the neighbours, who had been aroused by the screams of Miss Hilda Haines. A constable and a sergeant entered the house, and were taken by the women-folk who had called them to the bedroom occupied by Miss Haines and her niece.

There it was evident that a terrible tragedy had taken place. The bed was in great disorder, and, lying on it, scarcely breathing, was the body of the dressmaker. Blood was flowing from a number of wounds, and the whole of her night attire was drenched. Miss Haines was perfectly unconscious. Miss Hilda was on a chair, being tended by the women-folk, and at times fainting. She, too, was covered with blood, and was too weak to give any coherent account of what had taken place.

The room bore unmistakable evidence of having been pillaged, the drawers were all pulled out, and their contents strewn about the floor, the hundred and one little articles to be found on a woman's dressing-table lay scattered about the place; even the dresses hanging up in the cupboard had

been ruthlessly dragged down and the pockets turned inside out. At the foot of the bed a bent poker was picked up, and it was evident from the blood-stains on it that it was the weapon with which the injuries on the two ladies had been inflicted.

A glance at the rooms downstairs made it evident that a thorough search had been made through the house, and many little articles were subsequently found to be missing. At the time, however, the first thing to be done was to see to the injured women. A doctor was speedily summoned and he ordered the removal of the elder Miss Haines to the Cottage Hospital, where she could receive the great attention which was necessary for her. So seriously was she injured that it was very doubtful whether she would live to reach the hospital.

After a little while Miss Hilda Haines recovered sufficiently to be able to give a brief account of what had taken place. She said that she was suddenly awakened from her slumbers by her aunt screaming. When she opened her eyes she saw the new lodger, Taylor, standing beside the bed and grasping her aunt by the throat. He was demanding her money and her valuables. Before the poor woman could speak Taylor lifted up the kitchen poker, which he had in the other hand, and hit Miss Haines, senior, a terrific blow on the forehead. Then he rained a shower of violent blows on her till she fell unconscious. Miss Hilda commenced to scream, but Taylor caught her a slash on the throat with his weapon, which took away her breath. He then looked closely at Miss Haines, and, seeing that she was not dead, delivered a crashing blow on her head with the poker, muttering, "That'll settle the old woman!"

By this time Hilda had recovered her breath, and again commenced to cry out, so Taylor turned his attention to her and laid about him lustily with the poker, being careful, however not to hit the young woman on the head. Still she cried out, and Taylor caught her by the throat and tried to strangle her with his hands. She then fainted, and when she recovered she could see Taylor rummaging about the room. Again she attempted to get to the window to arouse the neighbours, but Taylor saw her and thrashed her again with the poker till she could not speak. She fainted a second time from the pain of the blows, which were on the upper part of her body, and when she recovered the robber had gone.

She thought her aunt was dead. The whole bed was covered with the blood which flowed from both the wounded ladies. As soon as she was able Hilda crawled to the window, opened it and began to shout for help. After a long time some of the neighbours were awakened, and assistance arrived.

On examination it was found that the poor young girl had received four serious cuts on her breast and neck, and there were also thirteen large bruises, showing the extreme violence which the ruffian had used. Serious, however, as her injuries were, they were but trifles compared with those which had been inflicted on her aunt.

In the hospital it was found that Miss Sarah Haines had nine deep cuts on her face, one of them completely destroying her left eye, four large bruises on the head, and a couple of dark marks on her throat, where the scoundrel had grasped her by the neck. Besides this, her skull was badly fractured. At first her life was despaired of, and Taylor was freely spoken of as a murderer, but, after lying unconscious for nine days, Miss Haines came to her senses, and slowly, but surely, recovered. All remembrance of what had taken place on that dreadful night, however, had vanished from her brain, and even when shown her scarred face, with its one sightless eye, she could not account for the injuries she had received. She was left by Alexander Taylor maimed and disfigured for life.

As soon as anything like a description of him could be obtained from Miss Hilda, a hue and cry was set up. Every tramp was regarded with suspicion, but on being questioned by the police all were able to account for themselves on the night of the 18th of November. Days went by, weeks passed, and weeks lengthened into months, and yet the cowardly brute who had attempted to murder Miss Haines and to rob her of all her little belongings was undiscovered. He seemed to have vanished into thin air.

It was about the end of November that a man named Williams offered himself for enlistment in the Lincoln Regiment. He was a likely enough looking stripling, and the recruiting sergeant quickly took him before the adjutant, and soon the aspirant to military glory was clothed in the scarlet and white of the line regiments. Williams soon found that the life of a "rookie" was not nearly as fascinating as he had imagined it to be. The work to be done was hard, the

sergeants not blessed with angelic tempers, while his fellow tyros were inclined to laugh at the youngster who pretended that he was of a better class than they were and did not scruple to display his contempt for the yokels from the Fen country who formed the bulk of the privates in the regiment.

This being his attitude towards his fellows we may feel certain that Williams was a marked man, and no slip of his was allowed to pass without being promptly brought to the notice of the sergeants or without being followed by a compulsory appearance in the orderly room on the following day. By all who had anything to do with him he was disliked, his character in the battalion was that of a sneak, and he was regarded as a suspicious character by his comrades.

In spite of his boast that he was not so clumsy as the Fenmen, he was very slow in acquiring the rudiments of drill, and was in constant trouble with the sergeants. The officers, too, did not scruple to express their opinion that Her Majesty made a very bad bargain when she accepted Williams as a soldier. At last one spring morning he was missing. The sergeant inquired of the corporal in charge of the room what had become of Williams, but the poor corporal said



He had left his own Bible.

that he had not seen him since the previous evening, when he was in bed at the proper time. The desertion of Williams was reported to the colonel in due course, and that officer was rather inclined to think that it was a good thing that the regiment was quit of such a lazy rascal, and that the search for the missing man should not be too strict, when it was also reported that a suit of clothes and a bicycle were missing from the quarters of one of the officers, and that there could be little doubt that the deserter had taken them with him. That put quite a different complexion on the case; Williams could now be dismissed the army with ignominy as well as be punished for the theft. Information was speedily circulated, and before twenty-four hours had elapsed the deserter was caught wearing the missing suit, and with the bicycle in his possession. He was tried by court-martial, and, of course, found guilty. In due time the sentence was promulgated. Williams was dismissed from the army with ignominy, and ordered to undergo three months' hard labour. Being deprived of his uniform, Williams was clad in civilian clothes and photographed, his portrait being inserted in all the police organs as a "man discharged from the army for misconduct." He was then taken to Lincoln Gaol to commence his punishment.

Superintendent Lane, of Warminster, was fond of studying the "Police Gazette," and in the March number of that interesting publication he noticed the picture of Williams. There was something about the face and general description which seemed familiar, and Lane went to see Hilda Haines and refresh his memory concerning the particulars of the missing Alexander Taylor. Miss Hilda readily enough repeated her account of the lodger who had rewarded her aunt's confidence so cruelly, and then it was that Superintendent Lane felt sure that he had at last hit upon the whereabouts of the miscreant Taylor. So he set off for Lincoln and asked to be allowed to see the prisoners at exercise. One glance convinced him that the soldier Williams and the draper and local preacher Taylor were one and the same. He told his news to the governor of the prison, and went away, returning later with a witness to formally identify the convict. That done, the Home Secretary was communicated with, and then a writ of habeas corpus procured from a judge, without which document the governor of a prison will not relinquish any prisoner until his term of punishment is up or until he is released on

For the prosecution Mr. F. R. J. Radcliffe was retained. He pointed out to the jury the main facts of the case, how the prisoner had taken the rooms under false pretences, for he was not a draper by trade, nor was he a local preacher. On the contrary, he was a discharged prisoner who had left Devizes Gaol only three days before he had committed the crime for which he was then being tried. How he had rifled the lower part of the house, and finding little of value, had then gone up to the bedrooms and awakened Miss Haines. His intention to murder the elder of the two women was apparent because he had taken great care not to hit the younger on the head or in any vital spot, but had struck her about the body, while in the case of Miss Sarah Haines he had delivered all his blows on the head, and when he had seen that she was unconscious he had again struck her so furiously that he had fractured her skull. He had not gained much by the robbery, having only got a little over a couple of pounds from under Miss Haines's pillow, in cash, and taken several small trinkets. It was evident that he had premeditated the crime, for he had gone to the kitchen and



THE NEXT MORNING THE POLICE WERE SUMMONED.

licence or by pardon. Armed with the necessary writ, Superintendent Lane went again to Lincoln Prison and took charge of "Williams," whom he brought to Warminster, and then formally charged him with having attempted to murder Miss Sarah Haines, and with wounding Miss Hilda Haines on the night of November 18, or the morning of the 19th, 1898.

Williams admitted that he was Taylor, but denied having hurt either of the ladies.

In due course he was brought before the Warminster magistrates, and after a short hearing sent to take his trial at the forthcoming summer assizes to be held at Salisbury, Wiltshire being one of those counties which have two assize towns, the winter sittings being held at Devizes.

It was on May the 30th, 1899, that Alexander Taylor was placed at the bar in the Salisbury Assize Hall, before Mr. Justice Phillimore, to plead to the indictments preferred against him. He was charged with having assaulted Sarah and Hilda Haines with intent to do them grievous bodily harm, and to this indictment he pleaded guilty. He was further arraigned for having attempted to murder Sarah Haines, and of this charge he said he was innocent.

taken the poker from there. Witnesses were then called to support this speech.

Miss Hilda Haines told of the part of the terrible scene which she had witnessed, and in which she had taken part. She was positive that the prisoner had struck her aunt after the old lady had become unconscious. She had attempted to raise the alarm, but the prisoner had beaten her so severely with the poker that she could not do so.

A warder from Devizes Gaol proved that he had given liberty to the prisoner on the morning of the 15th of November, Taylor having been convicted of larceny from a lodging-house near Basingstoke, and sent to gaol for a term of hard labour. At his own request a ticket was taken for him to Millbrook, near Southampton.

Mrs. Smith, a widow, then proved that on the 16th of November Taylor had come to Andover and had taken lodgings in her house, saying that he was a new porter on the railway, and had just been transferred to Andover. He had supper, and on the following day he vanished without saying a word to anybody. There was nothing to show what Taylor did with himself on the night of the 17th of November.

Against this evidence no defence was made, and after a short deliberation a verdict of guilty was returned.

Before passing sentence the judge asked for the prisoner's record, and it was shown that he had been in prison many times, although he was so young, his principal weakness being thefts from lodging-houses. He was a confirmed rascal.

Then Mr. Justice Phillimore addressed the prisoner. He told him that there was not the slightest doubt that he had intended to kill Miss Haines, and had left her believing that she was dead. He had brutally attacked the other young lady, and injured her severely, though he had avoided risking killing her. As a result of his brutal attack Miss Sarah Haines had lost the sight of one eye, was disfigured for life, and suffered from lapses of memory which showed that the brain had been affected. "Your crime falls very little short of actual murder, of the murder you intended to commit," continued the judge. "I am afraid I am erring on the side of mercy in the sentence I am about to pass on you, for forty years ago you would assuredly have been hanged. The sentence is that you be kept in penal servitude for fourteen years."

Taylor was staggered by the punishment which was awarded to him, for at the most he had expected five years' penal servitude. He was taken to the cells by the warders, and off to a convict prison, there to be reformed, if reformation is possible for such a rufian.

Mr. Justice Phillimore was right when he said that he feared he erred on the side of leniency. He was one of the most merciful judges on the bench, having a great dislike for criminal cases, and in his sentences his desire for the reformation of the criminal, and his hope that he would see the error of his ways, was always apparent. Before any other judge there is little doubt that Taylor would have been sent to prison for a much longer term, if, indeed, he was not sentenced to remain in penal servitude for the rest of his days, a fate he richly deserved.

How Edward Prichard Murdered Henry Allen.

*A Cruel and Cowardly Crime at Stroud,
.. 1886 ..*

"I nothing in this world so mawkish find,
As would-be devil with a wavering mind."
—GOETHE'S "Faustus."



THE trial of Edward Prichard for the murder of a young lad, named Henry Allen, at Stroud, came on at the Gloucester Winter Assizes, on January 26th, 1887, and attracted a good deal of attention in the quiet old county town. The case was without romance, being a sordid story of murder for the sake of robbery, but the ingenious manner in which the crime was planned

and the daring way in which it was carried out lifted it away from the ordinary category of mere mercenary misdeeds and gave it a particular interest. The judge who presided at the trial did not hesitate to describe the carefully-calculated attack on a young and inoffensive lad as one of the worst which had ever come under his official notice, and he denounced the guilty man in language as forcible as it was deserved. A friend of mine was present at this trial, and he has often told me that the prisoner seemed to fairly shrink and dwindle under the scathing rebuke of the stern-

faced man, who sentenced him to a fate from which there could be no possible escape. The murderer, cruel and crafty as he had proved himself to be, slunk out of the dock a cowed and beaten man, and from that moment the horrid nature of the outrage of which he had been guilty seemed to be brought home to him. He explained afterwards that he had meditated the deed for a long time before he could bring himself to attempt it; that he had lain awake at night and humoured the temptation, sometimes resolving to execute his wicked intention the following day, and sometimes abandoning the notion altogether. The devil, who loves a determined sinner, found something mawkish in the hesitancy and indecision of this miserable man, who, however, when at last resolved, carried out his scheme with a determination worthy of a better cause.

Edward Prichard was thirty years old at the time of this tragedy. He was a man of respectable birth and some attainments, but he was ostentatious and partial to display, and the moneys he was able to earn at his craft were not sufficient to enable him to cut the figure he desired. He openly sneered at honesty, which he described as being a luxury which only the very rich could afford. "What is it," he asked a crony once, "that prevents me being a gentleman? Why, the lack of a few pounds, that's all!" This was the frame of mind of Mr. Edward Prichard at this period. He was in the humour to drift into crime. He had been living for some time at a modest lodging at Stroud, and, being out of employment, was in debt to his landlord, who was pressing him to pay what he owed him. So on Christmas Day, 1886, Prichard finally decided to hesitate no longer, but to bring to fruition the wicked scheme he had been hatching for so long.

His proposed victim was a boy named Henry Allen. This lad was employed by a firm of cloth manufacturers at Stroud, who liked and respected him for his sterling qualities and reposed in him a complete trust. Allen was in the habit of going to the local bank on behalf of the firm once a week and fetching away a rather large sum of money to enable the manager to pay the wages of the various employees. For some time past Prichard, the schemer, had endeavoured to ingratiate himself with Allen, the honest youth, and had so far succeeded as to induce the lad to confide in him to a certain extent. As the elder, it was easy for him to flatter the boy, and this he did on every possible occasion. He learnt from Allen that the latter was in the habit of taking money from the bank to the offices of his firm, and ascertained that on the 30th of December he would be in possession of no less a sum than £200. He decided there and then that there should be no New Year's Day for Henry Allen. He went to the proprietor of a certain mews in the town and engaged a vehicle on some pretence, stating that he wished to drive over to Gloucester, where he was to be paid some money. He left a small deposit on the amount of the hire of the trap, which was to be ready for him in half an hour's time. He spent the interval at a neighbouring public-house, and returning, and finding the horse ready for him, drove off towards the bank at which he knew Allen must soon arrive.

The lad approached in ten minutes, and was hailed by his supposed friend, who kindly offered to drive him back to his employment after he had received the money. Allen hesitated for a moment, and may have felt some secret and ill-defined misgiving. But the recollection that the horse and trap would take him back in much less time than he could walk decided him to accept Prichard's offer, and he told him to wait while he transacted the business at the bank. He received £200 in notes and gold, gave a receipt for the amount, placed the money in a bag with which he was usually provided, and took his seat in the vehicle by the side of Prichard.

On what pretence that traitor drove the lad away from his destination was never made clear, but they were met half an hour later driving towards a quiet lane in the open country some considerable distance from Stroud, and it is certain that Allen never returned to his place of employment. What actually happened can only be conjectured, but a terrible discovery was made by a passer-by some two hours later. This man was passing through the lane in question—it would not be recognised under its present name—when he stumbled across the body of a boy of about 14 years of age. He was lying on his back beneath a hedge, and a cursory examination revealed the fact that he was shockingly injured about the head. However, he was alive, and, assistance having been procured, he was driven into the town and taken to the infirmary. Then he was speedily identified as Henry Allen, and it was plain that he had been robbed and nearly murdered. Every pound of the money with which he had started had disappeared, and as he never regained consciousness he

was unable to give any explanation of the dreadful condition in which he had been found. He died three days afterwards, it being considered remarkable, considering the nature of his injuries, that he survived so long.

In the meanwhile the police were making inquiries, and circumstances quickly came to light which caused a very strong suspicion to be attached to the man Prichard. He had been seen driving the deceased to the place where the body was found, but he had planned the scheme with much cunning, and it remained possible that the lad had been waylaid and attacked after Prichard had left him.

But like so many murderers, the latter could not leave well—or ill—alone. He persisted in attempts to give himself away. On the same evening as the discovery in the lane he visited several public-houses where he was known, and insisted in paying for cheap refreshment with sovereigns,

ening this weapon two or three days before he took his young friend on the expedition that was to cost him his life. Blood and pieces of human bone were found on the vehicle he had been seen driving, and the prisoner could only account for this by saying that he had been taking out some raw meat. Here his "wavering mind" stepped in again, for a few minutes after he gave another version as to how the trap came in this sanguinary condition. The defence could not be other than feeble, and the summing-up—by Judge Manisty—against the accused. The jury pronounced him guilty without the formula of leaving the box, and he was sentenced to death by the learned judge in a speech of great severity.

Prichard was hanged at Gloucester, on February 17, 1887, and confessed his guilt before the execution. The boy leaped out of the trap when first attacked and ran up the



PRICHARD PURSUED HIM.

flashing banknotes and treating his friends. He was heard to say that he cared "for nothing and nobody now," and that he was about to go to Australia. To one innkeeper he entrusted a large sum of money, and requested him to take charge of it till the next day. These facts came to the knowledge of the police, and it was decided to search for Prichard and charge him with the crime. An inspector of the Stroud force and a constable went to his lodging, and there apprehended the ruffian, who seemed inclined at first to resist capture and wildly protested his innocence of the deed.

However, he was promptly searched, and in his possession were found four banknotes—the bank identified them as part of those which had been handed to Allen—and some gold, while his friend the innkeeper produced the remainder. The fatuity of criminals is amazing. Had the miscreant made his escape from the neighbourhood before the body was discovered in that secluded lane, he might, at any rate, have had what the sporting fraternity would call "a run for his money." But no, he must remain on the spot and "flash" the proceeds of his murderous robbery.

The evidence at the trial was of the most conclusive nature. A blood-stained bill-hook had been found on the road near the spot where the lad's body had been found, and the medical experts declared that the wounds were inflicted with just such an instrument. Prichard had been seen sharp-

lane, shouting for help. Prichard pursued him and struck him several blows with the bill-hook, which he thought had proved fatal. He then dragged the body to the side of the lane by the hedge, and drove the trap back to Stroud.

A very inhuman crime indeed!

He Charged for Repetition.

SIR JOHN HENDERSON, of Fordell, was once fined for some small offence against the then existing Government, and their lordships of the Bench of the Scotch Civil Court had to fix the amount of the penalty he had incurred. Lord Eskgrove, a racy judge of the time, began to give his opinion in a very low voice, but loud enough to be heard by those next him, to the effect that the fine ought to be fifty pounds; when Sir John, with his usual imprudence, interrupted him, and begged him to raise his voice, adding that if judges did not speak so as to be heard they might as well not speak at all. Lord Eskgrove, who could never endure any imputation of physical infirmity, asked his brother judges, "What does the fellow say?" "He says that if you don't speak out you may as well hold your tongue." "Oh, is that what he says? My lords, what I was saying was very simple; I was only saying that, in my humble opinion, this fine could not be less than two hundred and fifty pounds sterling," this sum being roared out as loud as his angry voice could launch it.

Dedea Redainies

An account of how a young soldier, in the British Foreign Legion, quartered near Folkestone in 1856, murdered two girls, with no motive whatever other than that he was jealous of one of them.

"Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe
Defend from jealousy!"

—SHAKESPEARE, "Othello," Act III., Scene 3.

B



Y August, 1856, the great war with Russia was at an end. Peace had been restored, the belligerents were resting after their tremendous efforts, grateful for a breathing space, and this country had, for a time at least, achieved its end. But there still remained in England some portion of the Foreign Legion, which had been raised during the war, and which had its headquarters at Shorncliffe Camp, on the outskirts of Folkestone. There the young members of this legion were assembled to undergo discipline and receive instruction, and considering that the men who composed this force were

raised from the loose and discontented portion of foreign communities, their conduct was, on the whole, very satisfactory.

It was natural that occasionally a disorderly squabble should occur, when so many members of different nationalities were thrown together, but it was not until August 3, 1856, that the peaceful and law-abiding inhabitants of Kent had any real cause to regret the presence of the Foreign Legion in their midst. On that date the whole district was greatly agitated by the news of a very dreadful double murder, committed by a private in the British Swiss Legion, the circumstances of which were fearful enough to strike terror to the very boldest heart.

Few crueller and more unprovoked deeds of assassination have been recorded in the history of crime. The victims were two innocent and unoffending girls, who had never injured the monster who took their lives by thought, word, or deed. In all trust and confidence they accompanied him, whom they believed to be a friend, on a night walk across the cliffs, and there they were done to death with every circumstance of atrocity. Small wonder, then, that the crime of Dedea Redainies created unexampled excitement at the time, and that it is still well remembered and often recalled.

The motive—if one there was—was jealousy, but it was a jealousy for which there was not the smallest justification, seeing that no engagement had taken place between the murderer and either of the girls, that he was not the accepted lover of either, and that neither had ever professed any love for him. His "jealousy"—if one can dignify his passion by the name—arose from a malignant and morbid mind, and from an overweening self-esteem, and the murder was the result of the brutal savagery imbedded in the man's inmost soul.

His crime was not the outcome of unrequited affection or of a real dread that the object of his love might or had become another's. No, this young villain had a lust for blood and a passionate temper. They lashed him into fury at the notion of losing the girl upon whom he had cast a covetous eye, and brought about the crime for which he justly paid the last dread penalty.

The perpetrator of these dreadful deeds was a native of Servia, and his name was Dedea Redainies, aged about twenty-five years. He had been quartered with the Swiss

brigade at Shorncliffe for some time, and had formed the acquaintance of a man residing at Dover named John Back, a labourer, with two adult daughters, Caroline and Maria, both rather good-looking and superior girls for their position. Redainies had, perhaps, shown some slight preference for Caroline, but he had paid her no especially marked attentions, and there is no proof that any particular understanding existed between them.

It was said at the time that the friendship between young Redainies and Caroline Back was really of a guilty nature; that he was actually her paramour; but from certain other circumstances I am much inclined to question the truth of this, and more disposed to think that the girl was innocent, at least, so far as the young Servian was concerned. However that may be, the latter was a pretty constant caller at the house of these Backs, and was made welcome whenever he cared to pay them a visit.

On the evening of the Saturday previous to the murders, Redainies appeared at Back's house, it being then about eight o'clock, and he remained for about an hour and a half. Then he went out to meet some of his companions in the town, and turned up again at Mr. Back's at about a quarter to three in the morning, when it was seen that he had had "a drop of drink," but was not actually drunk. The two girls had mentioned that they were going to Folkestone by the train which left Dover at 6.15 a.m., and the young soldier now proposed that as it was a fine night, they should walk over the cliffs with him as far as Shorncliffe Camp. This was agreed to, and Back asked the prisoner to have some breakfast with them before they started on their walk.

Redainies seemed at this time in very good spirits, and he joked with the father and chaffed the two young women in quite his customary manner, though it is certain that he had by this time determined that the projected walk should be their last. They set out about a quarter past three, Back standing at his door to see them start, and they all seemed perfectly merry and contented. It appeared at the subsequent examination of the father of the girls, that it was at the earnest solicitation of Redainies that the girls agreed to forego their journey by train and to accompany him on the lonely road which led to Shorncliffe. They had with them a cape each of bright-coloured silk, which Back was subsequently able to identify.

What happened on this fatal walk must now be disclosed. Having induced the girls to accompany him over the downs, Redainies, from an indescribable emotion of jealousy, murdered them both. He appears to have done the deed with such skill and effect, that his victims offered no resistance, but fell with the passiveness of sheep in the slaughter-house. When pursued, the murderer stabbed himself three times in the breast, but failed to encompass his own death, and survived to undergo the vengeance of the law.

For the purposes of my narrative it will be as well to tell what remains through the medium of the witnesses at the coroner's investigation, and first we will touch upon the discovery of the bodies. Thomas Gurling, a carpenter of Folkestone, stated that on the Sunday morning about eight o'clock he left Folkestone with a friend, and proceeded nearly as far as Dover. He returned as far as a place known at that time as the Stiddy Hole, where he sat down upon a cliff reading Saturday's paper for half an hour. After he had rested, he got up and set out to try to find a path down to the beach, but he had not proceeded far when he was horrified to see the bodies of two girls. He hurried to the spot, and the first he came to was the body of Maria, the younger of the sisters. He looked at her face and dress, and found that both were saturated with blood, while it did not escape his observation that her clothes were much disordered. He called assistance, and then he went to the other girl, who was also quite dead. Her clothes were smothered with blood, and he noticed that her fingers were badly cut, while each girl had been terribly wounded in the region of the chest. The bodies were lying about fifteen yards apart when he first saw them, and apart from the blood there were no signs of any struggle having taken place in that vicinity.

Gurling left his friend with the dead bodies and set out to procure further assistance and alarm the neighbourhood. The police speedily arrived, and with them Mr. William Bateman, a surgeon of Folkestone, who at once commenced an examination of the bodies of the murdered girls. He inspected that of Maria Back before her sister, and found her dress but little disordered. She had on her gloves and bonnet, and the front of her dress was buttoned close up to her throat, but all that portion of her dress was saturated with blood. He found holes in the dress, and on removing her garments, saw four incised wounds in the chest, each about half an inch in length and penetrating deeply into the bosom. There were two

wounds on each side of the chest, between the second and fourth ribs, and from the direction of the wounds he was clearly of opinion that the arch of the aorta was wounded and that death was instantaneous.

He then examined the body of Caroline Back. He found three wounds of the same sort in the chest; one of them had passed through the cartilage, another through the sternum or chest bone, and the third was on the left breast, which, however, had not actually entered the chest. They were all stabs, and there was also a stab in the left hand. The chests of both girls were filled with blood; and the bodies were quite warm when he first saw them. On turning them over, the blood gushed out of their wounds.

A knife was produced, which Mr. Bateman said would have inflicted such injuries. The capture of Redainies was very dramatically effected. He was, of course, believed to be the murderer from the first, as Back was able to testify to the fact that he had left his house with the two girls, and a search for him was immediately begun.

It appeared that Redainies had been seen with the two



Arm-in-arm with a soldier.

girls as recently as five o'clock on the Sunday morning, when George Marsh, an ostler, was sitting on a bank near the turnpike road leading from Dover to Folkestone, and saw two young women walking, arm-in-arm, with a soldier. The latter was a shortish man, with the appearance of a foreigner, and Marsh was subsequently able to identify Redainies by his uniform and general bearing. The murderer asked him the time, and, when he replied, "Five o'clock," the trio went on towards Folkestone, talking and laughing.

Early on the morning of the Monday Redainies called at the shop of a Mrs. Elizabeth Attwood, at Lower Hardress, and asked if she sold paper and envelopes, and, on her replying in the affirmative, he purchased two sheets of bill paper, two envelopes, a bottle of ink, and a pen. He asked permission to write a letter, to which the shopkeeper agreed, and he then sat down and wrote two letters, afterwards going with them in the direction of the post-office. He was next seen on the Ashford turnpike road by George Frier, the constable who was searching for him, and who at once identified him and ran to apprehend him. Redainies observed the officer coming for him, and immediately put his hand to his breast, produced a knife and threw it away. Frier was

joined by another man, and together they effected the arrest of the suspected man, who was then seen to be suffering from three more or less severe wounds in the left breast, which were self-inflicted.

Redainies was wearing the two capes belonging to the murdered girls, and they were removed from his back by the constable. One of the capes had three cuts in it, covered with fresh blood, and corresponding with the wounds on the body of the prisoner. Seeing that these were in the chest, it is fair to assume that Redainies was wearing one of the cloaks in front and one behind at the time that he attempted his own life, and it is also remarkable that he had no girls' capes with him when he visited the shop of Mrs. Attwood. It is presumable that he had hidden these damning witnesses to his guilt somewhere near at hand.

He was at once removed to Dover, and there it was found that the wounds he had inflicted upon himself were more serious than was at first imagined. He had bled a good deal after his apprehension, and for some time it was doubtful if he would survive to take his trial; but strenuous efforts were made by the medical men attendant upon him in order that he might not cheat the gallows, and when December came round the prisoner was well enough to be arraigned at Maidstone.

The most interesting part of the evidence there produced consisted of two letters written by the prisoner and addressed, the one to Mrs. Back, of 3, Albion Place, Dover, and the other to "Ser Wilem Schmid, Lieutenant of 4th Compagnie, 2nd Regiment, 2nd Battalion British Swis Legion, Kamp Folkestone, near Dover."

Great curiosity was manifested to get a glimpse of the prisoner, a short, slight, swarthy young man, who appeared to be weak and ill. He was induced to plead "not guilty" by the counsel who had undertaken the defence merely as a matter of form, for his guilt could not be more certain had a dozen spectators been present to watch the scene of blood, and the prisoner himself was quite convinced that he would inevitably be hanged.

The reading of the two letters, which were written in the German tongue, created a great sensation in the crowded court, and here is their literal translation, the first being to the mother of the unfortunate girls he had slain:

"August 3rd, 1856.

"DEAREST MOTHER BACK,—On the first lines I pray to forgive me the awful accident to the unlucky Dedea Redainies, which I committed upon my very dear Caroline and Maria Back yesterday morning at five o'clock. Scarcely am I able to write by heartbreak for my ever memorable Caroline and Maria Ann. The cause of my deed is (1) as I hear that Caroline is not in the family way, as I first believed. (2) Because Caroline intends to go to Woolwich. (3) Because I cannot stay with my very dear Caroline. It made my mind so scattered that I put into my mind at last rather that Caroline should die from my hands than to allow Caroline's love being bestowed upon others. However, I did not intend to also murder Mary Ann, her sister, but, not having other opportunity, and as she was in my way, I could not do otherwise—I must stab her, too. Dear Mother Back, Saturday evening, when I came I had not at least any intention to commit this fearful act, but as I learned that my dear Caroline gave me back my likeness, and as she told me she would leave, I did not know any other way in my heart-break than that leading to the cutler's, where I bought a poiniard, which divided the hearty lovers. Arm-by-arm, I brought both my dearest souls in the world to the unlucky place near the road before Folkestone, and requested them to sit down, but, the grass being wet, they refused to do so. I directed them, Caroline to go forward, and I went behind Mary Ann, into whose heart I run the dagger. With a dull cry, she dropped down. With a most broken heart I rushed then towards Caroline, lifting the poiniard in my hand towards her. 'Dear Dedea,' cried she, with half-dead voice, and fell down with weeping eyes. Then I rushed over her and gave her the last kisses as an everlasting remembrance. I could not live a more dreadful hour in my life than that was, and my broken heart could not tell where my senses are gone, and I took both the black shawls of Mary Ann and my dear Caroline as a mourning suit for me, leaving the awful spot with weeping eyes and a broken heart. Never shall I forget my dear Caroline and Mary Ann, and the poiniard will be covered with the blood of Mary Ann and Caroline with me until it be put in my own breast, and I shall see again my dear Mary Ann and Caroline in the eternal life. Farewell,

and be careless about the blissfully-deceased angels of God, and forgive the unhappy, ever-weeping

"DEDEA REDAINIES."

The extraordinary nature of this remarkable criminal is indeed exemplified in this astonishing document. The air of romantic sentiment with which he endeavours to clothe his sordid and brutal crime speaks volumes as to his enormous conceit and self-esteem. He feels himself a victim, and is overwhelmed with pity for himself. Intending to murder one sister, he kills the other because she was in his way, but he feels that he is really the one to be pitied, and is quite unable to realise the brutal nature of his cowardly crime. He can murder two girls in cold blood, and can write to their mother that they are "blissfully-deceased"! "

It would be humorous if it were not so terrible.

The second letter was written to his German officer, who

portrait and lock of hair attached to it as a remembrance of that fearful Sunday, when both the girls, who were my never-to-be-forgotten sadness and joy" — (Here the sentence breaks off abruptly.) "Dear Mr. Lieutenant Schmid, I thank you for every good thing I experienced with you, and pardon the unhappy Dedea Redainies, who am ready any minute before being arrested to kill myself with the same dagger with which I murdered my only joy. With the request that you will translate the other letter to Mrs. Back, which I sent with your own" — (the word following was illegible) — "gratefully,

"DEDEA REDAINIES."

"A thousand compliments to you, with tears, dear Schmid."

The latter was called as a witness, and testified that the prisoner was always very wild, emotional, and erratic. He



"I RUSHED, THEN, TOWARDS CAROLINE."

knew something of the two girls, as Mrs. Back was in the habit of doing the washing for the officers at the camp, and Caroline Back used often to call there for or with the laundry. The letter ran as follows:

"DEAREST MR. LIEUT. SCHMID,—With weeping eyes I entreat you to pardon me, the unhappy Dedea. I inform you in a few words that I did not intend to squander your watch, but to give it only as a pledge to sister Caroline, where you will receive back your watch from Mrs. Back if you will be so good as to go to Dover yourself and reclaim it at the here-mentioned address: Mrs. Maria Back, 5, Albion Place, Dover. I also enclose the pawnticket for Dr. Bannagasten, and inform you that I have not yet got the watch. Unfortunately, I cannot enclose you the money which I spent from —. I sent a letter to the mother of Caroline, but it is in German, and I request you to take an early opportunity to go to Dover and translate the letter for her. Dear Mr. Lieut. Schmid, keep the

had received a good education, and, although only a private, his parents, living in Belgrade at this time, were of respectable, if not superior, position. He had got into some monetary difficulties, and had made away with a watch belonging to this officer, who said, under cross-examination, that at times he considered that Dedea Redainies was hardly responsible for his actions. He had never threatened Caroline Back in her hearing, but there was no doubt that he believed himself to be madly in love with the girl, and, rightly or wrongly, he had boasted of a criminal intimacy with her. The prisoner was not usually a heavy drinker, but he had taken lately to get a good deal more to drink than was good for him.

Other witnesses were called, who spoke to oddities in the manner and behaviour of the young soldier, and on these the defence relied for the acquittal of the prisoner, or, at least, for the verdict of "guilty, but insane at the time of the act." Counsel for the prisoner asked if any man who, having committed a barbarous double murder, could sit down and pen

such a missive as that he had sent to the mother of his victims, could be considered to be in his right mind? He contended that the prisoner had no idea of the importance of his acts, and was quite unable to recognise their consequences. That was a proof of insanity. The prisoner had been the victim of an uncontrollable impulse—he had been driven mad by the forebodings of jealousy. The murder of the other girl—for no motive whatever—was simply the act of an insane man, inasmuch as it was entirely unnecessary; since the prisoner could have followed Caroline Back to Folkestone and found hundreds of opportunities for completing the single crime.

The evidence went to prove that Redainies had always been eccentric and a prey to sudden emotion. He asked the jury to find that this man did these deeds, but that at the time of their commission he was not responsible for his acts.

The learned judge, in his summing-up, said that it was not denied by the prisoner or the defence that these unfortunate young woman had met with a sudden and terrible death at his hands, and the jury, having no doubt on any other matter, had only this theory of insanity to consider. To the plea that he was not responsible for his actions at that time, they would no doubt give their best consideration, but it was his duty to point out to them that slight oddities of speech or manner, slight eccentricities of action, were no proofs that actual insanity existed. The letters, though couched in an extravagant and emotional terms, told their terrible story very coherently, allowing for the fact that they were written in a foreign language, and translated literally, and, at any rate, were not the letters of a man suffering from the worst form of insanity. The crimes, might or might not have been prompted by the impulse of the moment, but he was bound to remind the jury that the prisoner had bought the knife some days before the crime, and had taken it with him on the fatal night. He had himself asked the girls to change their original plan of going by train, and to accompany him, and that pointed to premeditation. However, if the jury entertained any real doubt as to the sanity of Redainies when he committed these crimes, they would give him the benefit of that doubt—but not otherwise.

The jury retired to consider their verdict, and were speedily in court again. They found the prisoner guilty, and the foreman added a belief that he was responsible for his actions. The learned judge then passed sentence of death in the usual form, commenting on the wickedness of the prisoner's crime, hurling, as he had done, the souls of these young girls before their Maker before they had had a moment for repentance of sins or preparation for death. He held out, to the pale and shrinking man in the dock no hope of mercy in this world, and in solemn tones besought him to make his peace with God. The condemned man was led away, pale and violently trembling, and he passed that night in tears and tribulation.

Prior to his execution, Redainies showed a spirit of true contrition, and he never ceased to beg forgiveness for his great crimes; but he still seemed to hanker after excuses for himself, and to find in his fear of losing the girl some justification for her murder. He expressed regret that he had not actually killed himself when he was apprehended, and was fond, towards the last, of asking morbid questions as to the nature of the gallows and the pain he would experience before death seized him. Relieved on these points, he paid greater attention than ever to the ministrations of a priest of his own faith, who was unremitting in endeavouring to bring the unhappy man to a fitting sense of his position.

Redainies was a member of the Greek Church, and it may be added at this point that some attempt—though rather feebly made—was put forward on the part of the Servian Government to procure, though unavailingly, a revision of the sentence. The British Government replied that under the circumstances it did not feel justified in interfering with a sentence which the nature of the crime so well deserved, and the Servian ambassador made no further effort to save his countryman.

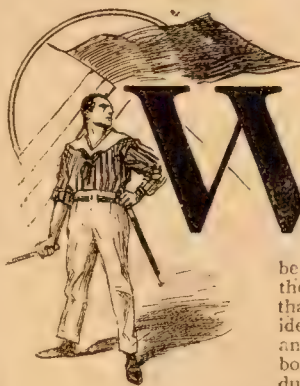
Dede Redainies was hanged on January 1st—not an auspicious start to a new year—1857, at Maidstone Gaol. Large crowds gathered in the pleasant old town to witness the execution, and half Shorncliffe Camp came over to see the last of the Servian murderer. He seemed perfectly resigned to his fate at the last, and, though much agitated, was able to appear under the fatal beam with some show of fortitude. He died instantaneously, without a struggle, and it is said that the faces of few murderers have borne so peaceful an expression after suffering death by hanging.

To this day is often pointed out the modest grave at Dover where the sisters lie buried.

The Mutiny at the Nore.

How Exasperated Blue-jackets rose against Bawling and Tyranny; and how the Mutiny was Quelled.

'Who is here so vile, that will not love his country?'
—JULIUS CÆSAR.
Act III., Sc. 2.



WHEN men seek to overthrow a system which has become obnoxious by reason of its antiquity and unfairness, they must resort to measures which invariably appear to

be extreme when viewed by the eye of authority. Now that time has mellowed our ideas concerning the discipline and stringent practices on board the vessels of our fleet during the period of the great French war, we must admit

that the grievances of the seamen were many and desperate. It was not, perhaps, that the Lords of the Admiralty were hard-hearted creatures, but they were committed to a system which had been in vogue from the days of Charles II., and they were unable to drag themselves out of the rut. The payment of the men had not advanced with the cost of living and speculation was rife on every ship. The officers appropriated the best of the stores that had been intended for the use of the sailors, the surgeons carried away the medicines and instruments, and hundreds of other glaring misdemeanours were openly perpetrated.

Jack's life was a hard one, so hard that scarcely a volunteer for the navy could be obtained, and the press-gang was compelled to pursue its vile mission with unremitting zeal.

At length the long-suffering victim of tyranny, wrong, and oppression summoned heart of grace, and in a perfectly constitutional manner at first sought redress.

In the month of February, 1797, petitions were sent from all the line-of-battle ships at Portsmouth to Lord Howe, complaining of alleged grievances. These, however, having apparently been written by one person, and all couched in the same language, it was presumed they were merely the productions of some mad-brained, irresponsible individual, and were, therefore, thrown contemptuously aside.

The naval authorities were soon, however, to find that the petitions were not the waste paper which they had supposed them to be. On the return of the fleet from its next cruise, as the result of letters which had passed from ship to ship, it was unanimously agreed upon by the men that no ship should lift an anchor till a redress of grievances should be obtained.

In this state matters remained till the 15th of April, when Admiral Bridport ordered the signal for the fleet to proceed to sea; but, instead of weighing anchor, three cheers were given from the "Queen Charlotte" as the signal of dissatisfaction, which was instantly echoed down the line, till every vessel responded.

The officers were thunderstruck, and tried various means to bring the men to a sense of duty, but without effect. The next day a boat from each ship was demanded, and two men from the crew of each were appointed delegates to represent the whole. The place selected for their deliberations was the cabin of Lord Howe himself, and there they accordingly met.

On the 17th every man in the fleet was sworn to support the cause upon which he had embarked, and even the admiral's body-servants were not exempted from the oath. The next proceeding of the mutineers was the reeving of ropes at the fore-yardarm as halters, in terrorem, and turning all the officers out of the fleet who had behaved in any manner to offend them.

The following day found the Lords of the Admiralty in mighty perturbation. For three whole days they sat devis-

ing and discussing propositions to reduce the fleet to obedience, but their efforts were ineffectual.

On the 21st April, Admirals Gardner, Colpoys, and Pole went on board the "Queen Charlotte" in order to confer with the delegates, but the men stood staunch. It was their determination, they said, to agree to nothing that should not be sanctioned by Parliament and guaranteed by the King's Proclamation. This firm reply to the proposals made so irritated Admiral Gardner that, in the bullying manner then prevalent in the navy, he seized one of the delegates by the collar, and swore he would have them all hanged, with every fifth man throughout the fleet. This circumstance so exasperated the crew against the admiral that it was with much difficulty he escaped from the ship with his life.

The delegates from the "Royal George" now returned to their vessel, and informed the crew of what had happened. After some consultation among themselves, it was

rehoisted his flag; then, after a short address to the crew, in which he told them the painful business of the last week would be the means of hurrying him to his grave, he informed them he had brought with him a redress of all their grievances, and his Majesty's pardon for the offenders. After some deliberation, these terms were accepted, and every man returned to his duty.

In this dispute, it would seem, the men had everything their own way, Parliament conceding to them everything asked for. This easy victory, however, was but the harbinger of excesses and violence. The men, as may be supposed, were jubilant, and their jubilation resulted in serious offences against the laws. Having been granted leave on shore, many of them plunged into the wildest debauchery, and four of them were secured for rape and robbery. Some attempts were made to rescue them, but without effect. This sad state of affairs was not of long



SEIZED ONE OF THE DELEGATES BY THE COLLAR.

resolved to summon all the delegates on board, and this was done by hoisting the red or bloody flag. The signal, not being generally understood, struck terror to the officers, who trembled for the consequences.

It was at this moment that the much valued and respected Lord Bridport's flag was struck, with a resolution never to display it again, which, we are told, drew tears from almost all the officers. The fleet next proceeded to load all their guns, ordered a watch to be kept the same as at sea, and put everything in a state of defence, keeping every officer to his respective ship.

On the 22nd the men were somewhat pacified, and caused two letters to be written, one to the Lords of the Admiralty, giving reasons for their conduct; the other to Lord Bridport, in which they styled him their "father" and "friend," and avowed no intentional offence to him. This had a good effect, for on the 23rd the admiral returned to his ship and

duration. The hand which had been relaxed to redress grievances was soon clenched again to crush licence, and in a few days the fleet at Portsmouth had resumed its normal condition.

Had matters rested where they were our navy might have been spared a most sorrowful chapter in its history. Alas! that chapter must be written!

Finding that their messmates at Portsmouth had obtained a mitigation of the evils complained of in the service, the men in the fleet at Sheerness began to grow restless. On May 22nd the outbreak became general, and shortly afterwards the mutineers took possession of the ships.

At seven o'clock on a Saturday evening, Earl Spencer, Admiral Young, Lord Arden, and Mr. Marsden set off post-haste from the Admiralty for Sheerness, and at twelve o'clock the same night an Admiralty messenger followed, bearing his Majesty's proclamation, offering his most gra-

cious pardon to such men as, having been seduced from their duty, should return it.

In order to concentrate the scene of their operations, and to render their plans more effectual, the mutinous seamen compelled all the ships which lay near Sheerness to drop down to the Great Dock. Amongst these was the "St. Fiorenzo," which had been fitted up to carry the Princess of Wurtemberg, Germany. No man could leave his ship without a kind of passport, signed by some of the delegates, which was called a "Liberty ticket," and if any seaman was found without such an order he was kept a close prisoner until he could show by what means he had obtained leave of absence.

These delegates came every day to Sheerness, where they held their conferences. They then paraded the streets and ramparts of the garrison with a degree of triumphant insolence, which had been extremely aggravated by the arrival of a regiment of Mias from Canterbury, against whom they held up in soot the bloody flag of defiance. At the head of these men marched that person who was considered as admiral of their fleet. The captain of the fore-castle was the efficient, though not the nominal, commander of each ship. No officer having command or authority whatever.

On the Saturday following the revolt fourteen delegates came up the river to lull the crews of H.M. ships lying in the Long Reach to sleep down to the Nore. As soon as it was understood whose persons were they were fired upon from a fort below Tury. At Gravesend they were taken into custody by the inhabitants of that town, but having been soon after set at liberty, they prevailed upon the seamen of the "Lancaster," of guns, which lay at Long Reach, to join them.

On Monday the delegates were sent for to Sheerness and introduced to Lords Spencer, Arden, etc. One of the seamen, called Parker, the principal delegate, was the spokesman for his colleagues, who amounted to about a dozen. They stood behind Parker, forming a half circle, and the Lords of the Admiralty seemed several times desirous of inviting them to speak. None, however, would take a part in the discussion, except Parker, who, being the chief of the delegates, was called the Port-Admiral.

This Parker, who rendered himself so conspicuous among the mutineers of the fleet, was altogether a remarkable man. He was descended from a respectable family in Exeter, received a good education, was bred in the navy, and, about the conclusion of the American War of Independence, was an acting lieutenant in one of his Majesty's ships. He soon came into possession of a considerable sum of money, and shortly afterwards arrived in Scotland, where he married a fair daughter of Aberdeenshire, with whom he received his property. At this time, being without employment, he soon spent his money, which involved him in debt, on account of which he was thrown into the gaol of Edinburgh, where he was at the time the counties were raising seamen for the navy. By an Act of Parliament passed in 1706 insolvent debtors were enabled to clear themselves by volunteering for the navy, if their debts did not amount to more than £30. Parker took advantage of this Act, entering as a volunteer for Perthshire, and receiving a bounty, part of which went in paying off the incarcerating creditor. He was then put on board the tender lying in Leith Roads, which carried him with many others to the Nore.

To show of what metal this man was made a little instance will suffice. In the course of the discussion between the Lords of the Admiralty and the delegates, Lord Spencer asked the men, rather peevishly, "What do you want?" To this Parker answered, "You are a man of sense, and know what is due to us; you know what we want."

When Lord Spencer hinted that he must refer their demands to Ministers in London, Parker said, "Ay, go and consult the ring-leaders of your gang," and as the delegates were retiring, Parker, in answer to some admonitions from Lord Spencer, burst forth, "You may all be damned!"

The mighty Lords of the Admiralty were shocked at such language from a common seaman, and went away boiling over with wrath without having accomplished the object of their journey.

After this the seamen grew bolder, and in addition to mutiny committed acts of plunder and piracy. The "Grampus" storeship, equipped for the West Indies with a supply of naval and ordnance stores for the fleet there, was stopped by the delegates, the stores were taken out of her, and distributed amongst the ships in the hands of the mutineers. The "Serapis" storeship, from the West Indies, was likewise stopped.

On Thursday evening the delegates sent on shore to the admiral a declaration stating their intention of blocking up the River Thames. They gave as the reason for this their having heard that the Dutch fleet was on the point of sailing, and, as they were determined to have their grievances settled, they would bring things to an extremity at once. This was considered as a threat they would scarcely venture to execute, but assuredly, about half-past twelve next day, the "Standard," "Inspector," "Brilliant," and "Swan" got under way and moored at equal distances across the mouth of the Thames. Soon after, several vessels standing down the river were obliged to come to an anchor near the ships of the mutineers. The "Monmouth" at the same time moved her berth.

The president of the delegates now held his office only for a day. A fresh president was chosen every day.

The "St. Fiorenzo," which had lain for some days in a state of captivity under the stern of the "Sandwich," made a surprising escape, equally remarkable for the boldness of the attempt as for the management and skill with which it was executed. It appeared that the moment when the several ships were to pipe all hands to dinner was the time fixed upon



"You may all be damned!"

for carrying this plan into effect. The boatswain's whistle was the signal; the cables of the "St. Fiorenzo" were instantly cut, and the ship got under way without loss of time. The escape was favoured by the arrival of the "Montague," which came up at that moment, and by the sudden agitation which the event had in the fleet the mutinous crews were retarded in their endeavours to bring back the "St. Fiorenzo" by force. Notwithstanding this, she was fired at by several of the ships, and sustained considerable damage in her rigging and main fore-chains. She eventually got clear, and ran for Harwich, there to embark the newly married Prince and Princess of Wurtemberg for Germany.

On May 31st part of Admiral Duncan's fleet—the "Iris," "Agamemnon," "Ardent," and "Leopard," to wit—deserted and came to Yarmouth, whence they soon afterwards joined the mutineers.

During the night of the 6th of June the "Serapis," Captain Duncan, made her escape, though damaged by the shot of the rebel ships. Two others also made an attempt, but were overpowered.

Next day the Earl of Northesk, who had been confined as a prisoner on board the "Montague," 64 guns, arrived in London charged with several propositions in a letter addressed

to the King from the mutineer committee on board the "Sandwich." His lordship had been given 54 hours to present the papers, and he had pledged his honour to return with an answer within the time specified, though he feared the answer would be unfavourable.

No reply whatsoever was received by the mutineers to their somewhat insolent proposals, and shortly after divisions arose in the rebel councils. This was the beginning of the end, and the ships that were peacefully disposed began to break away from the control of the others. Terrible struggles ensued on board the vessels, and blood ran freely. In attempting to escape, the "Repulse" ran aground, and was bombarded by the "Monmouth," with but little effect, for only a lieutenant lost his leg and a man was wounded by a splinter. There were many other disasters before better counsels prevailed among the rebel crews, and at last the ships separated to surrender at discretion.

The arrest of Parker was an exceedingly tame affair. The "Sandwich," with the chief mutineer on board, drew up under the guns of the fort at Sheerness about three o'clock on Wednesday morning, and about half-past six Admiral Buckner's boat, with a picket-guard of the West York Militia, went on board to bring the rebel ashore. The lieutenant drew his sword, and the party, consisting of eight or ten, went below, where Parker surrendered into their hands. They tied his hands together behind, and the officers in a very quiet manner conducted him into the boat. The prisoner was seated in the stern, between the legs of the coxswain, while in front of him sat the lieutenant with drawn sword. In this manner they reached the stairs, where Parker was landed. As he passed to the top he was a good deal hissed by the crowd, which consisted mostly of soldiers.

"Do not hoot me," he said meekly, "it was not my fault; I will clear myself."

He was lodged in prison for a few hours at Sheerness, and was afterwards taken to Maidstone.

Three of the rebellious men-of-war still held out at the Nore, and vast preparations were made for attacking them, and compelling them to surrender, but they afterwards came in without bloodshed, the last of all being the little sloop-of-war "Swan," which had been styled "the little 'Inflexible'" because of her contumacy and daring during the mutiny.

Nothing now remained to be done but to punish the offenders, of whom Parker was, of course, the chief. Many had been incarcerated at Sheerness and Maidstone after the principal conspirator had been taken, but the public eye was wholly concentrated upon the man who had had the audacity to defy his lords to their august faces, and cause Parliament itself to pass a hurried Act, in which, under the pressure of panic, they granted more than was in their power to perform at the time.

Had Parker contented himself with the redresses and ameliorations offered in that Act, all would have been well with him, and those who did his bidding; but the more that was conceded the greater became his demands, until they reached preposterous dimensions. That, and that alone, was the cause of his downfall.

While in prison, before his trial, Parker conducted himself in a quiet, gentlemanly manner. He had no fear of the issue of the case, he said, as he had done nothing more than what he considered justifiable.

His trial began on the 22nd July, 1797, on board the "Neptune," 98 guns, stationed off Greenhithe, and lasted several days. On the morning of the 22nd a gun was fired at 8 o'clock, and the Union Jack was hoisted at the mizzen-peak as signals that the court was open.

The prisoner's bearing as he passed through the doors was dignified, without bravado, easy and graceful. He was a very good-looking man, and had not almost everyone present been prejudiced against him, he must have created an excellent impression. As it was, he met nothing but the lowering brows and scowling faces of judges who had already predisposed of his case.

There was a huge array of witnesses for the prosecution, chief among whom were Captain Buckner, of the "Sandwich," the old hulk on which Parker served, and which was shortly afterwards put out of commission, and his officers. The captain of the "Hound" was another extremely hostile witness. It seemed that the prisoner had also sailed with this man, and he gave his evidence when his turn came with so pronounced a bias as to call forth murmurs of disapproval.

Parker had stated that he wished no witnesses for the defence, relying solely on the justice of his cause to acquit him of the charges of treason and disloyalty. Notwithstanding this, the presiding admirals ruled that the witnesses for the defence must be called, thinking to damage the cause of the prisoner as much by their evidence as by that of the others.

To his eternal honour, Lord Northesk, who had been the bearer of the men's ultimatum to the King, came forward on Parker's behalf, as did Captain Knight, of the "Montague." These gentlemen proved that the leader of the mutiny had acted with the greatest discretion and circumspection throughout the whole trying time when he commanded the fleet. He had gone from ship to ship, listening to grievances, and redressing them as far as lay in his power. When certain of the more violent of the mutineers insisted upon sailing out from The Nore and joining the Dutch fleet in the Texel, Parker restrained them with a firm hand, and, to show the thorough loyalty of the ships, he had caused "God save the King" and "Britons Strike Home" to be played by the bands every evening.

Dr. Snipe, of the "Sandwich," proved that on one occasion he had been called upon to witness the flogging of a seaman which had been ordered by Parker for drunkenness, and there were others who testified to the excellent discipline and strict command exercised by the prisoner throughout the whole fleet.

Parker was given from a Friday to the Monday to prepare his speech before sentence was passed upon him, and splendid use he made of his time. To this day that speech stands unique as a specimen of the language of a British sailor. It has been said that Parker was a man of education; it was proved at his trial that he was more. The ease and fluency of his address could not have been equalled by anyone who listened to him. He spoke of the wrongs inflicted upon the men of the navy, of their hardships, and of the poor rewards that awaited them when their years of service were over. Then he spoke of himself, how he was impelled to assume the position of leader, and what difficulties he had to contend with, and asserted fearlessly that but for him the Dutch fleet, aided by the rebellious seamen at The Nore, would have once again swept the English from the Channel, and would at that time have been riding safely at anchor on the spot where they then were.

It was a long and a powerful speech, but it availed him nothing. The minds of his judges were made up, and he was sentenced to be hanged from the yard-arm like any common malefactor of the sea.

Certain efforts were made to obtain a reprieve, but in vain. Mrs. Parker even went so far as to seek an interview with the King to plead on her unfortunate husband's behalf, and appeared becomingly clad in black silk, but her prayers and tears were useless.

The day of execution was fixed for the 29th of August, and the prisoner was quite prepared to submit to his fate. Before leaving the gunroom he asked for a glass of white wine, which was given him, and then he passed out to his doom. He shook hands with the captain of the "Neptune," and mounted the scaffold which had been erected under the yard-arm with a light step. He spoke a few words acknowledging the justice of his sentence, listened to the clergyman, and knelt for a few moments. Then he passed to the side of the platform, where he stood quite still for a second or two. Suddenly he dropped the white handkerchief which he held, and swung himself off. In another instant he was hoisted aloft, where his figure seemed to struggle for a brief space, and then all was still. The leader of the famous mutiny was dead.

The universal verdict of posterity has long since been passed upon him. He may have been mistaken in his methods, but, without doubt, Parker was a wronged man.

His body was taken to Sheerness and interred there, but his faithful wife had it exhumed and brought to London, where it lay in a public-house on Tower Hill. This circumstance having reached the ears of the authorities, Mrs. Parker was interrogated as to her intentions regarding the corpse. The poor woman replied she meant to have it conveyed either to his own friends in Devonshire, or to hers in Scotland, where it would receive decent burial; but this did not coincide with the ideas of the men in office, so the body was removed to Whitechapel Churchyard, where it was finally laid to rest.



His Last Meal.

IN the year 1763 a man named William Rice was condemned to death for highway robbery, and on the night before his execution he heard one of the warders call to another and order a chicken boiled for Rice's supper. "But," said he, "you need not be curious about the sauce, for you know he is to be hanged to-morrow." "That is true," replied the other; "but the ordinary sups with him, and you know he is a devil of a fellow for butter."

THE Acquittal of Richard Gould

In Spite of Clear Proof
of his Guilt, the Murderer
of Mr. Templeman was
set free.

"O Judgment! Thou art fled
to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their
reason!"

—SHAKESPEARE, "Julius Caesar."
Act III., sc. 2.



IT was early on the morning of St. Patrick's Day, 1840, that Lizzie Thornton was sent by her mother to take a couple of sheets of writing paper to a neighbour, old Mr. Templeman, whose cottage faced theirs in Pocock's Fields, Islington. She knocked at the door several times, but could make nobody hear. Then she went round to the window of the room in which the old gentleman used to sleep, and tapped at it. Still she got no answer. The blind was too high for her to see into the room, but she noticed that the window, which was generally kept closed, was slightly open. She returned to her mother and told her that she could not make Mr. Templeman hear, adding that the window was open.

"Oh, I hope nothing's the matter with him!" exclaimed Mrs. Thornton, and she went to see if she could look into the room through the window.

She noticed that a small hole had been broken in the glass, and that the latch was lifted. By standing on her toes she was able to see that Templeman was not lying on his bed, and as her eyes got used to the dimness of the light, she could make out a figure lying on the floor. Greatly alarmed, she at once went to the nearest policeman, and told him what she had seen.

The constable called a couple of doctors, and with them went to the cottage. The door was fastened, so the policeman entered through the sitting-room window, and then let in his companions. Together they all went to Mr. Templeman's bedroom.

At once it was obvious that a terrible crime had been committed. The body of the old man lay on its back on the floor, with the feet towards the fireplace. It was clad only in a shirt. Round the eyes was tied a stocking, to form a bandage, and in places the stocking was saturated with blood. A cord, tightly tied, bound the hands together, and, to make the fastening more secure, a second, and thinner, rope was wound round and round the former between the wrists.

Mr. Templeman was quite dead.

On the pillow of the bed was a small splash of blood and one back tooth, which had evidently been knocked out, while on the floor two other molars were picked up. An examination of the body showed that the lower jaw was fractured on both sides, there was a severe cut across the nose, clearly the result of a kick, four cuts on the back of the head, which looked as if they had been made with the edge of a chisel, and a terrific wound on the left temple, which was obviously the immediate cause of death. From the appearance of the last wound the doctors thought that it had probably been caused by a blow with some heavy, round

instrument. Near the bed a small splinter of wood, about a couple of inches long, and formerly part of a round, truncheon-like stick, was discovered, and still adhering to it were several hairs, which matched those of the deceased Mr. Templeman.

In the adjoining sitting-room there was a chest of drawers, the two top drawers of which had been forced open with a jemmy or chisel, and the contents of a mahogany box, which was in one of them, removed, with the exception of a £50 and a £5 note, both on the "Bank of Elegance."

Of course, it was clear that a murder had been committed, and the police set to work at once to collect evidence which might point to the perpetrator of the foul crime.

It was known that in the box in the chest of drawers Mr. Templeman had kept his store of wealth, most of it in coin, but fifty pounds in a single note, which he occasionally produced to dazzle his poorer neighbours. It was known that the money was in the box on the evening of Monday, March the 16th, for Francis Ciprani, a night-watchman at Sadlers' Wells Theatre, had seen a lot of silver, a half-sovereign, and the two notes, when Templeman opened it to pay him seven shillings for doing a few jobs in the garden. The police were young in those days and not very cautious in sifting or even collecting evidence. They at once jumped to the conclusion that Ciprani was the murderer, and promptly arrested him. The night-watchman, however, was able to prove that he had been at his theatre from seven in the evening till eight on the following morning, and, accordingly, was discharged by the magistrate.

To further show their zeal the police then took a Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis into custody, for no other reason than that their cottage adjoined that in which the murder took place. In discharging this worthy couple, the magistrates made some stringent remarks, and suggested that the police should try and bring some sort of evidence to justify their arrests. But the police were not acting as rashly in arresting the Jarvises as appeared to the Bench, for they knew that both were friendly with another prisoner whom they had secured, and against whom there was sufficient evidence to justify the gravest suspicions. This was one Richard Gould, alias Arthur Nicholson, whom they had arrested on the evening of March 17th for the murder, but were detaining on a charge of assault which had been laid against him, while they were working up the clues on which they relied to secure his conviction.

At the next sitting of the court, Gould was brought before the Bench, and the magistrates then saw that there was a reasonable probability that the murderer of Mr. Templeman had been captured. The preliminary hearing took several days, and then Gould was committed to take his trial at the Old Bailey.

On April 14th he was placed in the dock at the Central Criminal Court, before Baron Alderson, and charged with the capital offence. The main points brought against him were these. For some time he had been lodging with a family named Allen, who lived close to Templeman's cottage. He was in great want, being unable to pay for his food, and had got into debt to Mrs. Allen.

On the 12th of March he had walked as far as the Duchess of Kent public-house, Dover Road, and there he met the potman, Henry Wright, whom he had known for some little time. He told Wright that he had no money, but wanted a drink, so Wright provided him with one at his own expense. They were then joined by a man named Squires, and, as the potman was going off duty, all three walked away together. Then Gould said that he had been ill, and was without money, but that he knew an old man who had plenty. He knew the old fellow had money because he had bid £25 for a cottage, and had exhibited a fifty-pound note, saying that if that was not enough, he had more where that came from. Gould added that the note and other money was kept in a drawer in the old man's sitting-room, and was almost like a gift to him. He would like, however, to have "a right one" with him, though he could do the job himself.

Squires and Wright asked where the prospective victim lived, and were told that he had a cottage not far from where Gould was lodging. They thought little of the conversation, imagining that Gould was only joking. All walked together for a short distance, and then separated.

On the 13th of March, about half-past seven in the evening, Gould called on John Johnson, a print colourer, and asked him if he knew where Jem Rogers was. Rogers occupied the lower part of the same house. Johnson said that he did not know, but expected him in shortly, and inquired what Gould wanted him for.

"I want to borrow a screw and a darkey," replied Gould;

meaning that he wanted a skeleton-key and a dark lantern. "What are you going to do with them?" demanded Johnson.

"I am going to serve an old gentleman in a lonely cottage. He has lots of brass," was the answer. Johnson also thought that Gould, whom he knew as Nicholson, was only joking, and said, "If you do you'll get transported." To which his visitor replied, "If I do, it does not matter, for I am a deserter from the 11th Light Dragoons, and shall be transported any day when they catch me."

Johnson still thought it all mere chaff, and, telling him that if Jem Rogers did not come in soon he would find him in a certain public-house, left him. Later, when the news of the murder reached him, he gave information to the police.

About nine on that same evening Gould saw Rogers, and asked him for the "screw" and "darkey," but Jem told him that he did not possess any, as he had long since given up his business as a dealer in old iron.

that as there was a warrant out for him for assault he did not want to be seen in the streets.

Allen got him some supper, and he and his wife sat talking to their lodger till late that evening, the subject being the murder. Allen, however, was suspicious, and when Gould went into his bedroom he locked the door after him, remarking to his wife that he would not allow Gould to leave till he had seen a policeman. A heavy wooden implement was missing from Allen's house, and the splinter found in Mr. Templeman's room was made of the same wood, a species known as "red saunders."

Owing to the information given to them by Johnson, a police-inspector came to Allen's house at half-past eleven and arrested Gould. The prisoner complained that he had no warrant, but was told that he was wanted for murder. "Oh, I thought it was for that assault!" was his only comment at the time, but later he said that he wished he was as innocent of other crimes as he was of the murder.

On searching him nine shillings were found in his pockets and several pawn-tickets, some in his own name.



A TERRIBLE MURDER HAD BEEN COMMITTED.

Coming, then, to the day before the murder, Gould went out in the morning without any breakfast, for he had not a penny to his name. He did not come in till after two o'clock on the morning of the 17th, when he was seen going into his bedroom by Mrs. Allen, who called out to him that he was very late. He rose about eight o'clock and spent some considerable time in the washhouse, and it was noticed that he had blacked his shoes, which were a pair that Mr. Allen had sold to him. He went out again without his breakfast.

In the course of the day he was seen in company with Mrs. Jarvis, and was with her when they were both told of the murder. During the whole time that he had been lodging with the Allens he had had no clothes washed or sent to a laundry, but on the fatal St. Patrick's day he had a quantity of garments privately washed by Mrs. Jarvis. When it was dark Gould returned to his lodgings, and Allen noticed that he had a new pair of shoes on. Remarking on them to Gould, he was told that they had been given to him by his aunts, who had also given him a shilling, with which he requested his landlord to buy him some supper, adding

and one in that of Mrs. Jarvis. He had on three waistcoats, the middle one of which was stained with blood. In the washhouse, hidden in a corner, was found a stocking, which Mrs. Allen had lent to Gould a week previously, containing nineteen half-crowns, forty-eight shillings, and seven pence. It was also proved that on the afternoon of the 17th he had bought his new shoes in the Tottenham Court Road, and changed a half-sovereign to pay for them. Against this mass of evidence no defence was brought, but one witness to character was called.

No attempt was made to show where Gould had been on the night of the murder, or what it was that had kept him out till the small hours of the morning. The judge summed up, pointing out the strength of the case, but remarking that, of course, the evidence was largely circumstantial. Then the jury retired, and, after a consultation which lasted for some little time, returned into court with a verdict of "Not guilty." The judge's feelings were too deep for comment, and he discharged the prisoner, but the popular indignation was great at this apparent miscarriage of justice.

MARCH, the Murderer.

How he Killed his Employer and Fellow Workman; And why.

"Oh! boisterous, blustering March,
Whose smallest wind is so unkind
To man's infirmities!"

—MESSENGER, "Ode to the Months."



FEW miles from the town of Norwich is the village of Wymondham, and not far from there stands — or, rather, stood — Potash Farm, the abode of the notorious murderer James Bloomfield Rush, and Stansfeld Hall, the home of that malefactor's victims.

Curiously enough, this village was the scene of another barbarous double murder, in the year 1877, twenty-eight years after the exploits of the infamous Norfolk farmer, who slew his bene-

factor and his son, and created throughout England the most wide-spread sensation. But Henry March was a different type of assassin to James Rush. The latter was a cunning, calculating, cruel scoundrel, who had contemplated his crimes for a long time, had preceded them with forgery, and had seduced the unfortunate girl who had trusted him and loved him. Brutal as he was, he was a man full of resource, clever at disguises, and imbued with a spirit of hatred and a capacity for revenge which lifted him out of the common rut of sordid criminals. Henry March, on the other hand, was a poor and ignorant blacksmith, a slave to his own vulgar passions, unable to write, and quite powerless to avert the consequences of his deeds when he had committed them. He did not, like his predecessor, resort to disguise and subterfuge, or choose a moment for his murders when chances of detection were reduced almost to a minimum. In the heat of rage, in the frenzy of passion, in a mistaken notion that he had been slighted and ignored, he seized the first weapon that came to hand, and, in full view of a witness at one of the windows of the house, first beat to death his fellow-workman, and then battered in the brains of his aged master. These fearful deeds done, he went calmly to his home, and there awaited the coming of the police, unable either to appreciate the consequences of his act or to take steps to avert them. That the murders were perpetrated with every symptom and feature of ferocity cannot be denied, but one somehow prefers this ignorant savage, with his relentless arm and merciless iron bar, to the monster of deceit and intrigue who sneaked into Stansfeld Hall that fatal night in '49, and shot the man whom he had previously injured and endeavoured to despoil.

The Wymondham tragedy of 1877 did not, of course, excite the attention or arouse the interest caused by the murder of the Jermys, but the crime of Henry March was much discussed at the time, and led to a great deal of controversy, firstly, as to the state of the ruffian's mind, and, secondly, as to his motive for the double barbarity. Personally, I am disposed to believe that March was a little mad, and have informed myself, as the result of a very searching inquiry into his antecedents, that he had at one time or another more than one near relative confined in lunatic asylums. His whole behaviour suggested a man suffering from an uncontrollable frenzy of the mind. His master was giving up a business which had served to keep him, the workman, in employment for very many years, and this fact preyed upon a mind absolutely devoid of the reflective faculties. Bidewell, his first victim, had chafed and teased him on the sub-

ject, perpetually annoying him with questions as to his "new place," and, a quarrel arising between the two ignorant countrymen, the iron bar was seized and the deed was done. It is less easy to account for the subsequent murder of old Mr. Mayes, his master, but it is at least possible that March's frenzy had not exhausted itself when the former entered the smithy and beheld what had been done, and that he was seized with an impulse to turn the murderous weapon upon the employer whom he had served faithfully and well for so long.

Mr. Thomas Mayes was seventy-six years of age at the time of this tragic event, and had lived in Wymondham for many years. He combined the trades or professions — which you will — of veterinary surgeon, farmer, and shoeing smith, and it was understood in the village that he was a man of considerable means. Motives of robbery, however, had nothing to do with the terrible event which I am about to relate. Amongst the men employed by Mr. Mayes were Henry Bidewell, aged fifty-six, who had been with him for forty years, and Henry March, three years older, who had served him for well over thirty. The two men were employed in the smithy, and, though ignorant and brutal, were both excellent workmen. March declared afterwards that some few weeks before the murders, Mr. Mayes had asked him to assist in digging up potatoes, and that he had excused himself on the score that there were some shoes to be made that day at the forge. According to him, old Mayes took this as an affront, and made some remark to the effect that after his refusal, "March could never be the same to him again."

Shortly afterwards he gave him notice to look for fresh employment, and this may have rankled in the mind of his servant, albeit there is nothing to show that the latter meditated any such terrible revenge except his own not very lucid confession. It is certain that Bidewell and March had had words, but no serious collision took place between the two till October 20, 1877. On that morning, Sarah Ann Bailey, who acted as house-servant to Mr. Mayes, was making the bed in her master's room, when she heard a noise coming from the direction of the smithy. She at once went to the window, which commanded a full view of the latter, and she saw Bidewell and March evidently in altercation. She saw the latter seize a bar of iron, such as is used in making horse-shoes, and with it strike his companion a heavy blow on the head. She rushed downstairs and acquainted her master with what she had seen. Mr. Mayes appears to have had no personal fear of either of his two old servants, and immediately proceeded to the smithy, with a view to separating and calming the opponents. The girl Bailey followed him at a respectful distance, and saw Mr. Mayes enter through the blacksmith's shop and make some remark to March. He then stooped, as if to examine or to raise the body of Bidewell and at that moment March lifted the iron bar and brought it down with tremendous force on the head of the old gentleman, felling him instantly to the ground.

Such were the circumstances of this remarkable tragedy, and I now propose to go over the ground covered by the trial of the murderer, which will make clear anything not quite sufficiently plain to the reader, and describe the extraordinary conduct of March after the murders.

The ruffian was tried at the Ipswich Winter Assizes, on Thursday, November 1st, 1877, and, considering that the crime was only perpetrated on October 20th, it must be acknowledged that the processes of committing the prisoner and arranging the case for the Crown were not unduly prolonged or delayed. The judge was the renowned Hawkins, who arrived in the town the previous evening from Taunton, and the prosecution was conducted by Mr. S. Reeve, assisted by Mr. Tuck. Mr. Blofield defended the prisoner, at the request of the Court, March's relatives being too poor to engage counsel, and so ably did this gentleman acquit himself of his task as to earn the ungrudging praise of the learned judge himself.

March was a stoutly-built, powerful-looking man, with iron-grey hair and a ruddy complexion. He pleaded "Not guilty" in a sonorous voice, and saluted the Court, raising his hand to his forehead with quite a military gesture.

Mr. Reeve described the circumstances of the case to the jury, and then proceeded to call the witnesses, of whom Sarah Ann Bailey was the first. The prisoner paid much attention to her evidence, putting his hand to his ear and following very closely all that was said.

The witness stated that her aunt was housekeeper to the late Mr. Mayes, and that only she, the old gentleman, and herself resided at the house, which was a rather large, rambling building of the farmhouse order. At noon on the

20th of October she was in one of the bedrooms, from which could be seen all that went on in the smithy. She was attracted to the window by March's voice, raised as if in anger. He said, "If you don't hold your tongue, I'll knock you down!" She looked down into the blacksmith's shop, and at that instant saw prisoner seize a bar and knock Bidewell down with it. The iron bar was a formidable-looking weapon, some two feet six inches long, and was produced in Court.

The witness, continuing, said that Bidewell was in the act of blowing the fire with the bellows when the prisoner struck him. The deceased man did not move after he was struck down, and March then calmly took up the bellows and began to blow the fire himself. She remained at the window spell-bound, and in two or three moments she heard March say, "I may as well kill you at once, as I shall have to be hung for it." He then again lifted the iron bar and struck Bidewell with it two or three times. She then descended and fetched her master, who, when he entered the smithy, said, "March, what have you done?" The prisoner was then engaged blowing the fire, and the body of Bidewell lay close

March about half an hour before noon the morning of the murders, and as he was then "rather for'ard with his tongue," he, Bailey, thought that he had been drinking. At 12.30 he heard of the affair, and he helped to carry Mayes's body into the kitchen. The prisoner had mentioned to him a few days previously that the "old man" had told him to look out for another place. He had seen Bidewell and March the evening before in a public-house "drinking together quite friendly," and he knew of no reason why the prisoner should bear ill-will towards either of the deceased.

George Plunkett, a weaver, of Wymondham, deposed that about one o'clock on the 20th of October he heard of "the murder at Mayes's," and went up to March's house, where he found the latter, apparently quite calm and unembarrassed.

Plunkett said to him, "I say, March, what have you been after?" and the prisoner replied, "Nothing." He said, "Well, it's a rum job," and March replied, "What would you do if you had to fight for your own life?" The prisoner observed to witness that Bidewell struck and shoved him first, and added, "It's another Rush job, isn't it?" referring to the infamous Wymondham murderer of 1849.



BROUGHT IT DOWN WITH TREMENDOUS FORCE.

beside him. March replied, "Nothing," and Mayes then stooped to examine the body of the prostrate man, whereupon the prisoner struck the old man a violent blow on the head, and he cried out and fell down.

The witness screamed, "Oh, March! pray, pray don't do that!" and the prisoner pursued her, as though to threaten her with violence. She was terribly frightened, and ran towards the house, but took an opportunity to look back, and saw that the furious man had returned to the smithy and was again hitting one of his victims, but from that distance she was unable to detect which it was. The witness was cross-examined with a view to getting her to admit that Mayes made overtures to attack or secure March, but this the girl denied.

Jane Bailey described how Mayes was brought into the house terribly injured about the head, and how he died at a quarter-past two the same afternoon, never having recovered consciousness. She stated that the smithy was so open and well lit that it was quite possible to see all that was going on there from the upper windows of the house.

Her husband, John Bailey, said that he had worked for Mr. Mayes for twenty-six years, and knew that the old gentleman was about to retire from business. The witness saw

Sergeant Scott, of Norwich City Force, said that he was in Wymondham on leave, and he arrested the prisoner. Directly he got to the cottage prisoner said, "I will go along with you. I know what you've come for." The witness said, "I must take you to the Bridewell, and the charge is attempted murder; in half an hour it will probably be murder." (Neither victim was then quite dead.)

March said, "I won't say anything," but on his way to the lock-up he remarked, "I have been a soldier. He thought of getting the best of me, but I was before his time. This has been a rum half day's work."

Police Constable R. Pratt deposed that he went to the house after hearing of the murders, and saw the body of Mr. Mayes. He also examined the smithy, and found an iron bar with blood and hair on it, but there were no indications of any struggle.

To Mr. Paynton Piggott, Deputy Chief Constable of Norfolk, the prisoner made an important statement. He explained that the affair arose through Bidewell having struck him first with the piece of iron, and that he then wrested it from him and struck him in turn. He went on to say, "The governor came after and struggled with me; certainly he did. He pushed me three yards away from him. He tackled me

like a brick, and I struck him with my fist. He fell on to Bidewell's body, and I then struck him with the iron bar."

Mr. Clarke, a surgeon, of Wymondham, said it was plain that six blows had been inflicted on the body of Mr. Mayes, whose skull was fractured. The medical examination did not serve to confirm the prisoner's statement of how the murderous affray occurred, but strongly contradicted it. There were very few traces of violence on the body of Bidewell.

The defence took the form that March's version might be true. The girl Bailey, on her own showing, had not heard the commencement of the quarrel between these men, and it was quite possible that Bidewell struck the first blow. As regards Mr. Mayes, might he not himself have seized the iron bar, and the prisoner, anticipating that he was about to use it against him, have taken it from him and then, in a mad spirit of self-defence, have inflicted the blows which killed him? The counsel for the defence concluded an able speech by saying, "Be the case one of murder or of manslaughter, there could be no doubt, the wretched man at the bar had committed an offence for which the most fearful retribution awaited him, but if the facts were such that they could find him guilty of the lesser crime, he besought them to do so."

The learned judge praised the advocate's eloquence and ability, but nevertheless summed up in a manner very unfavourable to the prisoner's chances. He declared that there was no evidence at all of provocation, and the deliberate nature of the deed was proved by the fact that no less than six tremendous blows had been struck in the case of Mayes, whom the prisoner was alone charged with murdering. Even if it was a case of manslaughter as regards Bidewell—a view to which, however, he could not subscribe—what was it but wilful murder in the case of Mayes? The absence of motive was of no consequence whatever if the act of killing was clearly proved. The jury occupied a quarter of an hour in consultation, and found the prisoner "Guilty." March thereupon anticipated the customary question, remarking, "I have nothing to say, my lord," and was sentenced to death in a speech which left no hope of any reprieve. He was then removed from the bar, which he left in a firm and even jaunty manner.

He was hanged at Norwich Castle exactly one month after the perpetration of these crimes, Marwood being the executioner. After his conviction he conducted himself in a manner altogether exemplary, and had a parting interview with his wife and daughter on November 14. He had a disturbed night previous to the day fixed for the execution, and was given his breakfast as early as half-past four. The chaplain visited his cell at six, and till seven he was engaged in his devotions, afterwards receiving the Sacrament in the chapel of the prison. At ten minutes to eight he was taken to the pinioning-room, and Marwood first passed a strap round his waist, the culprit calmly assisting.

March walked firmly to the scaffold in the paved courtyard behind the north face of the Castle "keep," and only two-and-a-half minutes were occupied from the commencement of the pinioning to the fall of the drop. When on the platform, after the hangman had strapped his legs, March heaved a heavy sigh, and just before the rope was adjusted and the cap fixed, he made a respectful bow in the direction of the representatives of the Press. From first to last he displayed the greatest coolness and courage.

In a confession which he made to the chaplain, he stated that he had more or less meditated the murders from some obscure motives of revenge, although he had never planned how, when, or where to commit them. He denied that he had been drinking heavily about the time of their perpetration, and he expressed his remorse for his crimes and his hope of pardon.

I fancy that March was largely a creature of impulse, and that he scarcely realised the awful nature of his acts of frenzy.

The Judge's Precaution.

LORD CLONMEL, a very eminent Irish judge, would never demand more than a shilling for an affidavit, and was perfectly satisfied with this sum, provided the tendered coin was a good one. In his time the Birmingham shillings were current, and he used the following precaution to avoid being imposed on by taking a bad one: "You shall true answer make to such questions as shall be demanded of you touching this affidavit, so help you God. Is this a good shilling? Are the contents of this affidavit true? Is this your name and handwriting?"

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Leaves from Our Notebook.

Manufactured Evidence.

A MAN was tried at the Old Bailey, in the year 1817, for highway robbery, and one of the witnesses for the prosecution positively swore that she had seen his face distinctly, as it was a bright moonlight night. The counsel for the prisoner closely cross-examined this witness, so as to prove, beyond doubt, that it was a moonlight night, and she stuck to this statement with unswerving tenacity. In his address to the jury the counsel for the defence said it was most fortunate for his client that the chief witness for the prosecution had dwelt upon this as her chief fact, for he was, fortunately, in a position to prove beyond the slightest suspicion of a doubt, that the night on which the alleged crime was committed was not a moonlight night, the moon being then in a dark quarter. In support of his assertion he would refer to an authority that was infallible—he referred to the almanac. This almanac was handed up to the judge, who informed the jury that what the prisoner's learned counsel had said was perfectly true—there was no moonlight on that particular night, and the prisoner was, therefore, acquitted. It afterwards transpired that what the prosecutor's witness had said was perfectly true, as it was a moonlight night, and the lying almanac had been specially printed for the occasion.

Murder from Motives of Revenge.

JOHN DRIVER was hanged in 1839 for the murder of a Mrs. Hancock at Causton, in the county of Notts, under somewhat peculiar circumstances. The deed was accompanied by the offence of burglary; but it seems likely that revenge was the real motive which inspired this ferocious miscreant, who was only twenty-six at the time.

The victim kept a small shop in the village, where she sold miscellaneous articles, such as groceries, drugs, etc., and from information adduced at the inquest it appears that the poor woman had been the innocent cause of the death of the father of the prisoner. About a month previous to the commission of the deed, Driver, senior, was taken ill, and the wife of the latter went to Mrs. Hancock's shop to purchase some tincture of rhubarb, when by some unaccountable mistake she was given laudanum instead, and the old man died from the effects of the drug.

Mrs. Hancock was found strangled in bed on the morning of March 16, 1839, and the deed was clearly brought home to the prisoner, upon whom much of the stolen property was discovered, though it is only fair to add that he never actually confessed to the crime. He ate and drank astonishingly well after his condemnation, and when asked, the day prior to the execution, if there was anything he particularly wanted, he replied, "Yes, there is. Ask Mrs. Brierly"—the matron of the gaol—"to make me a plum pudding." He ate the whole of it at one sitting, after having partaken very heartily of mutton-chops and baked potatoes.

He did equally well at breakfast on the morning of the day he was hanged, and at twenty minutes past eight attended prayers in the chapel. But, while on his knees, his pulsation was so strong that his body was kept in constant motion, and in this piteous condition of fear he remained to the very end. His hurried look and trembling tread evinced that he felt inwardly how fearful it is to approach the "King of Terrors."

REPLIES TO QUERIES

BARNSELY.—Yes, the rate compares very favourably with that of the early nineteenth century. For instance, from 1820 to 1830 there were no fewer than 797 criminals executed in England.

J. EDWARDS.—No, they followed each other in this order: Calcraft, Marwood, Berry, and Billington. The last-named was succeeded by his son, who is officiating at the present day. Berry resigned in March, 1892.

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